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Around Town.

Next week the races will be on at the Woodbine track. Despite the stern disapproval with which horse-racing is regarded by a large majority of the community, thousands upon thousands will crowd the grounds and thrill with a common excitement as the trained animals fly around the track. On this annual occasion the finest millinery and costuming of the year are on view; the wealth of the country gathers at that rendezvous; among the people occupying the grand stand may be noted the best ladies and gentlemen of the province, judged from any standpoint whatever. Some religious denominations are frantic in condemnation of horse-racing; others approve it passively, if not actively. Roman and Anglican clergymen are not ashamed to be seen at the races, and in England they do not hesitate to risk a ten pound note on an event occasionally if some devout parishioner has supplied the Lord's anointed with a safe tip. Sometimes a Methodist clergyman, far from home and anxious to equip himself for his life-work, will beard the lion in his den and witness for himself the enormities of the race track. I did hear of one such who attended the races to take notes but remained to take bits, and threw his silk hat away in that moment of exaltation when he beheld his money coming down the homestretch three yards ahead of the field. His experience has no doubt enabled him to speak feelingly of the way in which the turf can lure men on from point to point. Considering the diverse attitudes which the various denominations hold towards the ring, and considering further how the ring holds its own in attractiveness and in power to resist purification, the question arises whether it would not be better for all denominations to compromise on a common purpose, countenancing the sport while redeeming it from the gambling influence.

This could be done and it would be a great moral accomplishment, but I am fully persuaded that gamblers would more readily forego their betting practices than would the deeply religious consent to remove racing from the catalogue of abhorrent vices. Of course the reason why certain denominations primarily assumed a position of hostility towards the turf was not on account of the racing at all, but because of the gambling which was then inseparable from the races and which brought financial ruin on many, resulting often in swindling, debauchery and suicide. Those who preached upon the green in England did not win converts possessing sufficient influence to in the slightest degree affect turf practices, so their converts were enjoined to shun the turf, around which so many evils clustered. But primary considerations have been quite obliterated through years and generations of habit, and now many powerful religious sects shun the turf on its own account as well as for the abuses that make it bad. The one-time distinction has been lost, and if all betting and crookedness were done away with and races conducted with as much decorum as a game of croquet on a parsonage lawn, they would still be races, the place of their occurrence a race-track, therefore the worst kind of wickedness. In other words, the race course has been abandoned to the enemy.

Let me use an allegory for illustration. In an invaded country is one fort that was captured, and although the marauders are fought and repulsed all around, yet it is decided not to molest them within those walls, not to recover and man the fort with the troops of the king, but to leave the usurpers in possession whence they may raid and harry the adjacent plains. A resident of the fortified post whose affections are in it but who is none the less loyal, goes to the incompetent generals who mismanage the king's campaign and urges them to recover the fort not only for its own value and for the subjects its recapture would add to the kingdom, but in order to prevent a spread of sedition by cutting off a local base of operations. "No," answer the stupid generals, "the place is accursed. Do you not perceive that its walls are manned by the enemy and can you not hear how they revel within?" "Yes," replies the citizen, "but let your troops drive them from the walls and silence their improper revels." But the generals answer, "No, we will leave them there. The place must be accursed, for see how it lends itself to the purposes of the garrison, see how it commands the country, and what a fort the enemy are making of it!" "All the more reason for its recovery. Its site and appointments are effective, for they are the choice and creation of the king. It is a pleasant place and great numbers flock through the gates. Inside is a well disposed population vastly superior in force to the malignant enemy, and I can promise that these will help you to capture the post and man it with loyal troops, but we will resist your attempts to utterly destroy and wipe out the place. Your generalship is stupid. Oust the enemy, clean up the defilement, put your own armament upon its walls! It is a bad manoeuvre to destroy a fortress that can be held. If you raze the fort the enemy may build again, but if you capture and man the place your guns will command the country-side." "Stop," cry the generals in chorus. "It is treason for you to criticize those holding the king's commission. Rongade, begone! but tell those of your kind within to come out from that fatal place. We have decided to do nothing but forbid our people to go in and to persuade those within to come out, if we can, and perchance

in course of time the fortress will crumble down and we will destroy it from off the earth." "You may find," replies the citizen, departing in discouragement, "that the king will reprimand your generalship."

This occurs to me as a not inapt illustration of the relation of most religious bodies to horse-racing, boat-racing, foot-racing, theaters and field sports. It seems bad generalship to abandon almost outright every proceeding that cannot conveniently be opened with prayer. Pursuits that cannot be made active agencies for good might profitably be shorn of their activity for evil. Racing runs in the blood of man and beast. The first thing a boy attempts to do on gaining secure use of his little legs is to outrun his playmates; the birds

wild and furious circuit of the course. The animals like it, up to a certain point, and beyond that point it should not go. But if it is allowable to let a horse trot a mile in five minutes, or to trot at all, it is allowable to let a better horse trot the distance in two minutes if he can. Why should good people ride in ox-carts while bad people fly past in carriages drawn by winged horses? Are good morals like loose hats, liable to be blown off if transit be too rapid? Good meals and good clothes, good horses and good times should not be forbidden the man of good morals. A man can say grace as sincerely over a roast beef dinner as over a repast of red herring and crackers. He has more cause for thankfulness. It is a fine thing to be alive—really alive, not merely breathing and moving, but bounding

to ride the whole distance of seven hundred miles on two horses, the first arrival to secure a prize of fifteen hundred dollars and the second one of five hundred dollars. The race will be run about the end of June, when the weather is at the hottest, and the desire to win will cause the riders to put nearly all the horses to cruel deaths. Humane societies in the different States crossed are determined to stop the race if it can be done, and it is to be hoped they will succeed and spare the civilized world the revolting details of a ride similar to that of last autumn.

Every day that dawns turns a new side of the labor question towards every observant man. It is an unmasterable problem, in which the quantities change before you can reach a

boarded up, and the laborers and skilled workmen who were of late profitably employed are standing about waiting for what may happen next. The strike hinges on a question of one cent an hour, nine cents a day or fifty-four cents a week to each laborer. The skilled workmen have nothing to gain. One stone-cutter drawing twenty dollars a week could, by making over his pay, satisfy the demands of thirty-seven laborers and have a trifle to spare. If one of the cutters had thus placed his salary on the altar of the cause, thirty-seven laborers could have been securing the extra cent per hour, the skilled workmen could have been drawing their full pay, the drill shed could have been moving towards completion, instead of which we see a spectacle of stagnant enterprise, idle men and housewives deprived of income. Strikers are usually paid a weekly allowance. I do not know the amount in this case, but let us suppose it to be four dollars per week that the treasury of the union allows each man. It has just been shown that the salary of one stone-cutter or bricklayer would gratify the demands of thirty-seven laborers. Suppose, therefore, that thirty-seven men are receiving the union allowance, that represents a sum of one hundred and forty-eight dollars per week that is being drawn from the treasury, whereas twenty dollars per week taken from the treasury and given as a supplemental wage grant to the dissatisfied laborers would have satisfied their demands. The cost of one week of strike would enable the union to pay the supplemental cent an hour for upwards of two working months.

Of course there is nothing in the constitution of any union permitting such a bit of financing as I am roughly indicating. At present that is not what unions are for. Labor is organized to defend itself against capital, and so far has had its hands full without correcting integral injustices and studying internal economy. The general whereabouts of the common enemy is known and the rear ranks are valiantly firing straight ahead of them, unaware that the missiles, to reach the foe, must mow a destructive passage through their comrades in front. It is no doubt claimed that the laborers in striking, and the skilled workmen in coming to their assistance, were vindicating a principle. Very good, but as the laborers on the various works throughout the city are not on strike, it is reasonable to suppose that the grievance is a local one and the principle of fair wages is not in general jeopardy. If this be so, and the interests of labor at large be not imperilled by a local and temporary inadequacy of wage to one class of workmen, why should not another class of workmen, whom a strike would deprive of employment and whose union would be put to a big expense for strike allowances, be privileged to avert the trouble by a supplemental grant to the dissatisfied ones? It is conceivable that twenty dollars so applied might, under certain circumstances, represent five hundred dollars to laborers and the labor cause, in wages secured and in outlays rendered unnecessary. The aggregate increase for which the fifteen laborers engaged at the armory struck amounted to only \$8.10 per week. The aggregate wages forfeited by the skilled workmen who had no grievance, but who went out, as in honor bound, to assist the object of the strikers, amounted to over \$330 per week. The aggregate wages forfeited by the laborers who had the grievance amounted to \$162 per week. Estimating that thirty men all told are out and receiving a weekly allowance of \$4, this gives us another total of \$120. To sum it up, organized labor, in order to force an increase of \$8.10 a week on an isolated job, relinquishes \$612 per week, partly in income and partly in cash. The figures quoted may be a little astray one way or the other, as I have not at hand means of finding out the exact number of men on strike, the exact wages paid or the exact allowance paid to strikers. But in a rough way the figures are reliable and the conclusions stand out strong and big for inspection. The cost per week of a strike to the strikers may, in such a case as this, be fairly well ascertained, whereas a contractor may lose a fortnight's time without real loss. A contractor may win or lose in such a struggle in time to complete his job before the season closes and get his profit safely housed in a bank, but, strike or no strike, winter and the close of the building season come around and stop the income of the workingman. If he does gain a cent an hour there is not time in the season for him to recover the wages forfeited by an idle week. Labor in waging its defensive war should not shed so much of its own blood.

There is reason to believe that D Alton McCarthy is at last determined to make politics a serious part of his business. Heretofore he has been an unsafe Conservative, liable to take a stand on principle at those moments when the exigencies of the party required principle to be run away into the background. Heretofore, too, he has been unsafe as the exponent of principle, for at moments when he was expected to develop to splendid size he wined to the smallest proportions of a party man. Moreover, he was more lawyer than public man, more lawyer than partisan or anything else. But since he was so rudely told to get rid of his fireworks or get out of the Conservative house, he has gone out and for the first time in his life has adopted politics as a serious business. He has set himself the task of training upon the Government's vulnerable points all the random forces of whatever shape or pedigree he can make connection with. In estimating Mr. McCarthy's hitting power it will be well to gauge him by his serious career in law, not by his dallying record in politics.

MACR.



TWO OF A KIND.

dart and shoot about chirping challenges one to the other, which are accepted as quickly as given; colts in pasture race furiously across the meadow, turn the half-mile stump and scamper back to where the brood mares stand admiring at the finish; dogs in their play race and romp in circles in exuberance of spirit. Wherever blood circulates in veins I think the drops race with each other on their errand of life. To pronounce all this bad, to fight the inevitable when the inevitable might be made an all-subduing ally, is surely bad generalship. These views may find better acceptance with some when I add that I never attend horse-races, but gratify this side of my nature in field sports.

If horse races should become elevated into contests of speed and nothing worse, they would no longer be bad for man or beast. Those who know anything about horses are aware that a good animal enjoys a burst of speed more than anything else. Old trotters, long off the turf and leading lives above reproach, have repeatedly been known to take bits in their teeth in passing a race-track and carry their scandalized owners in

and pulsating with life. The Scriptures speak almost boastfully of the strength of Samson, of the courage of the boy David and of Saul, who stood head and shoulders above the people. Man was not made a sedentary, prosy, sniffling creature, but a robust creation with dominion over the beasts of the field. Why should the ark of the covenant fall into the sole charge of the stoop-shouldered, the hollow-eyed, the sad and miserable, while the procession is closed against the animated, the strong and life? Come back from the graveside, the margin of the black river and dusky night-fall; come back to the cradle, the tuneful fields and the glorious and ambitious morning of life! Let the church reopen its arms to its three prodigal sons, Strength, Courage and Speed, and it will be a grand thing for the sons and a grand thing for the whole family.

A race that might well be stopped is the proposed stagger-and-groan, go-as-you-please struggle which about three hundred cowboys will undertake between Chadron, Neb., and Chicago. This is an imitation of that brutal horse-killing contest between German and Austrian officers last year. The cowboys are

conclusion. One might almost say that every wrong in the social arrangement is a right carried to an unfair length, and that every right has in it the germ of a wrong. The labor trouble up at the new armory is worth studying. The builders' laborers were being paid twenty cents per hour; they wanted twenty-one cents, and the demand being refused they promptly went out on strike. The stonecutters and bricklayers had no hand in the quarrel and freely informed newspaper men that they were on the best of terms with the contractor, were being paid all the wages they asked, and hoped the trouble would be speedily adjusted. The contractor held that he was paying the laborers sufficient wages, that at all events he should have been notified of what the men intended doing, and that he could get hundreds of others to fill the place of the strikers. But here the bricklayers interposed that they, as union men, could not accept non-union men as assistants and would have to stop work until a settlement had been reached. The stonecutters presently struck also to show their colors. Operations have therefore entirely ceased at the new armory the entrances are

LOVE IN NIPPON.

By K. T. Takahashi in Short Stories.

It was a curious gathering. Looking over the deep, serene Sumida, with its palace-boats, whence arose the quaint strains of *samisen* now heaving and now bellowing on the waves of its eventide; looking across to the dreamy banks of Mukojima, with their ten miles of the cherry groves, now ablaze in the setting sun of an early spring, the uncertain shapes of home-bound epicureans moving slowly; here on Hashiba side, in a lovely hall of Hosokawa mansion, there were assembled in a strange concourse some ten or twelve Englishmen and Americans and a few other Europeans, with a goodly number of the Japanese themselves sprinkled among them. It is not for me to tell how this meeting came about; I only happen to know that its object was to listen to the tale of love of many a different land.

The last speaker sat down. The storm of applause raged and subsided. The chairman called on the next, and great was the enthusiasm that followed. In its midst arose Mr. Okada Gamba, a stalwart man of fifty, full of military airs. One would have expected anything but a gentle voice of sweet passion from a man of his type; yet you could easily trace out a forehead of beautiful shape and a mouth of ideal cut, which told of a handsome face of the early days, now buried under the gray hairs and frosty beard. He calls on the audience; let us listen:

"I rise with a nameless feeling. After having listened to the excellent stories of the preceding gentlemen, also well told, what could you expect from me? Yet I am here to-night to represent our beloved Japan. Japan shall not be outdone! No! not even in the matter of love! Ha! I will proceed.

"Thirty-five years ago I was a young man of twenty, a winsome youth. But how many of you here know the Japan of those days of three decades and five springs ago! The two centuries of peace and plenty perfected the splendor of Tokugawa dynasty, alas! at the expense of the honest and the hard-working. Outside the very walls of polish and luxury the atmosphere was thick with buzzing noises, as of bees, ready for a new life, new action, and restless and venturesome became the spirit of the day among the quick. Nor was I an exception. At twenty I left the home and went about *a-mushashigio* (randering about for the championship of the martial arts). Ah! the word itself has become a relic of the past feudalism now! But in those days there was a glory of manhood in its very sound.

"I journeyed through South. In Nagasaki I became acquainted with an American, a survivor of a wreck. From him I acquired a little English and some knowledge of the West. It was like a peep into the grandeur of a forbidden land; and a forbidden land it was for us at the time, that home of modern civilization. My spirit took a new turn then and went a little ahead the reckoning of the period. My friends, however, warned me in time that I was being suspected of high-sounding crimes, such as desertion, treason, etc. So I hurried to North to harbor the weather, and went wandering through the domains of the different *daimios* of those regions, whiling away the days of an unwilling exile.

"Five years elapsed; and one day I walked past the little town of Yaita and came under a bower of a cherry tree, which outspread its branches over the road, growing itself within a row of a long winding hedge-fence enclosing a large villa. The time was spring. The queen blossoms were in their glory. I looked up and saw the sister-trees rivaling their magnificence over the whole extent of the villa, but the one I stood under was the queen of queens. In a momentary dream of happiness I mused out:

U-ten-ku-shi-na

I-ma-o-ma-ka-ri-oi

S-i-ku-ra-ba-na

No-chi-to Shi-ro-shi-ni

Ta-wo-ri-te-va-u-kan

(How grand in thy glory! O blossoming cherry! That like me mine, will I thy branch pluck now!) I reached up my hand and was about to break the nearest one, when I heard a noise of someone else tearing down a branch within. A sweet voice then said, 'Your pardon,' and a hand beautiful as pearl held out to me a pink-clustered bough through a crevice in the hedge growth. And, lo! in the little opening I beheld a face as of flower! I heard my own blood rustling up the veins! I stretched out my hand, received the gift, and said an awkward thanks, half apologetically. I saw a faint streak of crimson mount the face, but only for a moment; it disappeared behind where the growth was the thickest, an uncertain figure gliding away out of my sight. For the first time in my life, then, I leaned eagerly myself forward against the hedge, trying to catch a glimpse of a woman! I was spell-bound, I forgot myself.

"I leaned there all absorbed till a hand suddenly jerked me by the shoulder and a gruff voice said, 'A gentleman or a thief?' Turning around quickly and taking a post of action, I said in my consternation: 'Thy words of impertinence! I am a gentleman; what of that?' and I faced a group of five *samurai* smiling a smile of derision. As the words scarcely left my lips, one of them ejaculated: 'Noble gentleman! we are glad to make your acquaintance!' and a well spread palm of his hand came flashing over my cheek. But it lodged itself only in my firm grasp, which pulled my innocent saluter a little toward myself, and with a twist of my body I returned him a toss of his body in the air—a respectable toss! Ah! you smile, my good audience! you do not believe me! Yet only thirty years ago a feat like this was a mere commonplace. Ah me! how old have I grown these days!

"The tossed man picked himself deftly up, and with his comrades drew. I did not, but stood glaring defiance at them with my hand on the hilt of the great sword. Passers-by and curious on-lookers from the vicinity gathered around us in a goodly crowd. A breathless silence sealed their mouths, and they kept a safe distance watching our next move. The odds were against me, most plainly, but my calm, collected manner seemed to have awakened an awe in my assailants, so that each was anxious to have the other start the first blow. Irritated at their cowardice, I relaxed a point

of guard. On came a sword descending over me—to hit the air! For mine left its scabbard that same moment, and felled on its back the enemy to the ground. At this the other four jumped upon me. I was now in the thicket of icy flashes! When there came rushing two men toward us from opposite directions. One of them exclaimed: 'Cowards! away with your arms!' My foes dodged sulkily a few steps backward, which I let them do without pressing on them, as the fight was after all an unwilling one on my part. Then the other of the new-comers called out to me: 'Honored stranger, pray calm your anger!—even for the sake of the flowers you s'and under.' A sweet fancy! my heart softened, and I too put away my weapon, at which the first man stepped forward and with an unexpected politeness addressed me: 'Ha! all health to you, Mr. Okada. If I am not mistaken, you are the son of my honored master!' I recognized in the man Nejiro Yokone, who at the time I left my father was one of his principal pupils in the time-honored art of fencing. It foreboded ill that he should salute me thus with open hands.

"Some time before this, I had it through the tidings of hearsays, that the same Nejiro was expelled from my father's for a certain offence not to be mentioned here, and there was no reason whatever that he should bear me good-will. But there he was, with bows, smiles, and exclamations, the very picture of friendliness. I accepted them all with good grace. He even apologized to me on behalf of the bullies who so unwarrantably attacked me; he said he was keeping a fencing school of his own in Yaita, and that they were his green pupils. He also introduced me to the man who bade me peace. The gentleman's name was Mr. Hori, and he it was who owned the cherry-bowered villa. Mr. Hori proposed that we all adjourn to a feast, explaining to me at the same time that that day he had invited Nejiro and his pupils with some of the townspeople to a party in honor of his villa's spring, and that I should be welcome above others as an old friend of the professor Yokone's. The professor Yokone, too, added a word of persuasion; so I followed suit and walked into Mr. Hori's.

"From the *genka* (entrance) through the hallway to the guest's room, glitter and lustre there were none, to force upon the vulgar the idolatry of wealth; but in the midst of the subdued quietness of colors and ornaments there issued gentle fragrance of unstained woodwork, and it was delightful to tread on the pale green matting of fresh *tatami*. The silken *kakemonos* or paintings that hung gracefully in a fantastic niche of *tokonoma*, the dwarf pines and cut twigs, which so picturesquely stood in pots and vases of exquisite makes, the spacious garden that opened in front like a painted scenery with its pond, hills, rocks, and moss-covered stepping-stones, and bowing trees—all bespoke superior taste and culture in the host. Upon these, however, I shall not dwell, but the beautiful panorama hangs before me! I see the little sunken-eyed Yokone, bulging himself out superbly at the head of a motley row of the rustic guests. I see the *karakami* door behind the host slide gently open. I see a lady, the graceful wife of our host, enter the room, followed timidly by her daughter. My heart quickens its throbs! Lo! she is the same—that fair daughter of mine host—she is the one who played coquette to me behind the fence! Ah! I imagine the undying fragrance of that love-inspiring branch still lingering about me! How like the flower of flowers she sits there, haunting vision! There were there plump lasses of bonnie faces, but how each eye turned on Miyo, for such was her name. There are warring within me the passions of jealousy and even anger, the twin servants of awakened love, as Nejiro Yokone greets her with words of familiarity—though they were merest comments on the weather! Yet, ah! I felt dizzy when Miyo bowed me a mumbly bow of acquaintance at the parental words of introduction.

"We all sat there ready for the feast, but it did not come yet. Mr. Hori had a batch of *tanzaku* cards distributed among us and demanded of us an *itku*, a verse, or line of poetical sentiment on his cherries, now in their resplendent bloom. A delightful conceit! But what a cast of smiling despair over the honest country faces! Our host led in scribbling down the thirty-one syllables, followed by his wife. Miyo was the next to take up the pen-brush, and then Taro, her younger brother. Taro was the exact counterpart of his sister in looks, a handsome youth of sixteen! After him I came up in the race, and the worthy professor closed the suit. The rest, one and all, laughed a faint laughter of innocent shame, bowed, and scratched their heads, and prayed us to read forth our productions. The all-important man, as he sat there, my friend Nejiro Yokone, was asked to read his first. He did, and no one ever heard a worse hackwork of plagiarism; I pitied the poor fellow; but when it was my turn, ha! I had to muster all my courage. Strange power—Love! Only an hour ago I defied death in the midst of flashing swords. But now a glance, a smile, a word, and I sat on a rack of judgment—almost trembling! But in those days, thirty years ago, *samurai* was ashamed to know himself to be in love. I steadied myself, nevertheless, and calmly sang out:

Ki-ba-ka-ri-ni

A-wo-re-to K'no-wa

O-mi-to-fo

Ha-na-no K'ko-to-ko

I-ka-ni A-ro-to-ko?

(While thus and so I love thee, O beautiful flower, I wonder where thy thoughts be!) The flower told me they were on me, about me, but that was years afterward. The *chokus* of warmed sake now went their rounds. *Tai-soup*; bottled *Aikawa*; sliced *katsu oya*; mother of pearl in vinegar; pigeons and snipes, cut in bits, and roasted whole; and away with the inventory. The time flew fast and the sun was now low. The blossoming cherries glowed and reddened in its departing rays.

"We were in the height of our rustic revelry when Yokone took us by surprise by coolly

saying: 'I admit that poetry is of pleasure, but it is for those of elder age and gentler sex; we have gratified them both. But we *samurai* glory in the martial arts; let us have now our turn.' And he challenged me to a fencing-bout. I refused—refused till common sense and modesty could no longer hold their string of patience.

"We alighted on the ground, Nejiro and I—and fought with the *shinai* (bamboo swords). I easily won the first, but gave him the second round, for he was drunk. Upon his victory, however, Yokone became decidedly unpleasant, and abused not only myself, but my honored father as well. There were there the five of his pupils, one of whom had the contour on his flat head frightfully altered by me. There were also fair Miyo and other girls and women of the vicinity, listening to him.

"Poor Nejiro must have thought it a right good opportunity to avenge himself on the son of his master, who had rightly disgraced him. Nejiro challenged me for the third time. I was not yet intoxicated and refused it. Nejiro's pupils chuckled and said loudly among themselves that I was wise. Nejiro repeated the challenge; I accepted. My *shinai* whistled savagely, and, before I knew, the good professor lay in an almost unconscious heap, blood streaming from a cut on his forehead, which he got on falling against a sharp-cornered step-stone.

"You may well imagine the confusion that ensued. The banquet broke up suddenly, and Nejiro was hurriedly carried away on a litter. In sincere regret I offered to accompany the wounded professor to his house, but the poor fellow stopped me hysterically, saying: 'Avant! thou coward! Knowing me drunk, thou hast violated the courtesy of the true *samurai*-hood! Thou dog! none of thy hypocrisy!' I kept my peace. The situation was extremely awkward. As soon as Nejiro was carried off, I said my adieu to the host, not forgetting to add a word of gratitude as well as of deep regret. Mr. Hori would not listen to me; on the contrary, he invited me to stay with him for the night at least, and even much longer if it did not inconvenience me much. I almost suspected the man. Somehow, however, I was loth to leave the house, so that I was easily prevailed upon.

"What next happened was that the following morning found the professor Nejiro Yokone groaning ill, which caused a vacancy in no less a position than that of Mr. Hori's family tutorship, and I became temporarily installed in this grave office. The wheel of events was on its freak, I thought. Nevertheless, it gave me an immeasurable satisfaction, in the frame of mind I then was. For happy were the days that followed—the flowers smiling gladsomely on the growing spring. My pupils—my Miyo and Taro—came regularly at nine in the morning, and we had our physical lessons. Taro, my great favorite, was quite an adept in *kenjutsu* (the long-sword fencing), while his sister was wonderfully clever at *katken* (silletto). As a teacher, I was to be sentimental. But, the mischief! How pretty and contented Miyo used to look, as I stood by and took her by her hand, showing her the way. I used to wonder then if she knew that I was trembling. In the afternoons we read together the leaves of the old sages. With a long, honest face I used to expostulate on their love-forbidding tenets, while secretly my smouldering heart was in wild rebellion.

"It was probably for ten days that I stayed with Mr. Hori; but now I often look back to the time as if it were months. Ah, the visions of the past! how enlarged they appear as time stretches out their shadows! Shadows! Nay! I see now the very path which led the way from my room's veranda to the center of the orchard, and thence sloped upward to the top of a little height! I used to tread on its winding course, evening after evening, and always unexpectedly meet my fair pupil tripping gently under the flowering trees. She was always with a chaperon who was her nurse. The latter would each time take it upon herself to explain to me that her young mistress had lately grown very sombre, in spite of the gaiety of the season, so that she thought an evening's stroll would do her some good. 'Come!' the woman would say, 'let us climb the hill, and Mr. Okada will tell us of his travels and adventures.' On the top of the hill we used to sit under a large cherry tree, and I would start squeezing about the corners of my memory-bag, and, lo! the good woman would find some excuse or another to slip away for a time, and then reappear at the right moment—a good soul! as she was. Left alone, Miyo and I would talk on till the golden sunset gradually changed into the purple mist of distant mountains; and then, in the uncertainty of darkening twilight, our heart-strings, revealed on the flash of our glances, met and tied themselves into knots such as friendly silence and solitude could alone seal. Withal, Miyo and I were a pupil and a master distanced from each other by the rigor of an inherited spirit. Our unexpressed love was therefore all the more intense.

"At night the good chaperon would come round to my room to lay out my bed-rig, and smiling would whisper to me secrets—as she treasured them. The secrets, to be brief, were that when Yokone first opened his school in Yaita his fame as an accomplished master from the capital, and also as a man of courtly manners, spread far and wide, which opened his way into the Hori family. This Nejiro of rabid passions immediately burned his heart at the altar of beautiful Miyo. But Miyo would not have him. Neither would her parents, who soon found out the metal he was made of. But the professor insisted, and well he could do so; for a fencing-master on the wing of popularity would have dared anything in those days. Things were indeed come to a very strange state when I made my appearance on the scene, and incidentally proved more or less a godsend to them. This much said, the woman would musingly add, 'You and Mistress Miyo would make a beautiful couple.'

"But, my good woman, she does not care for a homeless wanderer like me, I would laughingly remark. To this she would excitedly retort:

"My good air, you do not know, indeed you do not know! Heaven has prepared it for you, air!

"How! Why, sir, the night before that

unfortunate *sakura* festival my mistress dreamed—she confides everything to her old nurse, even her dream, poor thing! She dreamed that she was praying to her patron deity to free her from the inordinate desires of her tutor, whom she did not and could not love. The god benignly opened his lips and softly said: 'To-morrow there shall come a man of the South, sojourning by thy home. He is a worthy man though fleeing from persecution now. Thy brother shall follow him and he will love him. Even him shalt thou be, and be blessed!'

"In days when love reasoned into mysteries—and who has not had those days!—I was deeply impressed with this bit of occult information. It was on a rainy night that the good woman told me this. I sat up late and long after she was gone, losing myself in the land of fancies and visions! But it was a dream after all, for on the morrow I rose uncommonly

Continued on Page Fifteen

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Under our new name and with our greatly improved and improving facilities we hope to still further increase our already large business. In buying your fuel you will find it in your interest to place your order with us. A trial order is solicited. Remember the name—
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The Newest Skirts.

TO THE variety of designs for dress skirts a novelty just added by Paris modistes is so simple and so ample that it cannot fail to be liked for summer dresses. This new skirt consists of seven or nine straight breadths of soft summer silk, not gored in the least, without trimming, widely hemmed, and hung from the belt on a foundation skirt of taffeta. To dispose of the fulness at the top, three or four pleats are laid deeply in each seam, layer upon layer, the outer pleat concealing entirely those beneath it, and all the pleats turned toward the back. This arrangement narrows the top of the breadths to the width of gored breadths, and yet preserves the amplitude below. When made of soft silks, *barge*, grenadine, or *etamine*, the effect is charming, and not unlike that of the Lole Fuller skirt. Thin silks in twilled effects are most used for these full skirts, some having dashes of blue and heliotrope on a white ground, others of pink and moss green on cream color, the dashes long enough to cross, giving a barred or plaid design. One of the prettiest of these silk skirts is gray in hue, though shot with pink and green, and striped at intervals with pale yellow satin, the space between pin-dotted with black. The round waist is in lengthwise puffs, separated by white guipure insertions, with a five-inch circular basque below. The collar, belt and cuffs are of yellow satin ribbon. Epau-lettes of guipure lace are gathered over the armholes, falling full on top of the large sleeve puff which reaches to the elbow; on the fore-arm are close sleeves made of alternate insertions of guipure and yellow satin ribbon. The *fin de siècle* skirt, a half-circle in shape, the only seam joining the selvages down the back, is now preferred for goods fifty-two inches wide, especially for tailor gowns of the covert coatings which are now so much in vogue. This skirt was introduced long ago, and led to the closer-shaped bell skirt, with a sloped seam in the back, doing away with the fulness at the top.

The protest made against reviving hoop-skirts made by the most fashionable modistes upon their return from Paris has allayed, in a great measure, the agitation on the subject. The use of all stiffening, of hair cloth or crinoline, is also being abandoned, a deep facing of foundation muslin alone being considered necessary for summer skirts, and that is usually placed in the petticoat beneath. This is the conclusion arrived at in New York, and many Paris dressmakers say they have never used stiff interlinings even in winter dresses of heavy stuffs. There is, moreover, an effort to introduce simpler trimmings for skirts, as those elaborately banded and flounced have become exceedingly common. Exclusive *coutures* make many skirts only four to five yards wide of the speckled twilled foulards, trimming them around the foot with a single narrow ruffle put on in waves, and hanging them over a silk foundation skirt. Another simple and effective trimming is three circular ruffles, each only four inches deep, put around the hips instead of at the foot of the skirt. The popular and also the fashionable width of skirts that just escape the ground is four yards, four and a half, or five yards, but there are also very elegant and gracefully cut skirts six yards wide, while the Lole Fuller is wider still. The ribbon skirt is also made with great success over black grenadine or Brussels net, and also over white net or mousseline de soire for dancing dresses.

Speaking of evening dresses, some of the prettiest are of chine silks and gros grains of rather stiff quality that fall in curved folds of themselves, or by the aid of tapes beneath, or else according to the way they are cut. The trimming for these, instead of the lace so long used, is now silk muslin, scalloped and embroidered, and gathered in a cluster of flounces at the foot of the skirt, while piece muslin is used for the bosom drapery and the large balloon sleeves, forming one great puff to the elbow. The waist is either cut square and not very low in the neck, or else it is rounded off to fall below the tips of the shoulders in Victorian style. A pale green silk skirt, with green satin and *certes* chine blossoms, has embroidered flounces of green silk muslin fastened above the foot, one point on the left side accented by a large bow of the brilliant cherry-color in velvet ribbon. Since the return to gray dresses, one of the handsomest seen is of bengaline made with a gored skirt, simply trimmed with a circular flounce about twelve inches deep, headed by two narrower pinked ruffles. The round waist has a circular basque five inches deep, untrimmed, and lined with yellow silk, while the waist is wrought all over with gray silk in a vermicelli design, thickly studded with small straw drops. Yellow chiffon is gathered full in front between gray revers, and a stock-collared is also of chiffon. The sleeves are a single puff to the elbow, and the close-fitting part on the forearm is covered with embroidery of silk and straw. A silky batiste dress for a very young woman, either blonde or brunette, is of pale lemon yellow. The Lole Fuller skirt is trimmed with two bands of Valenciennes insertion edged on either side with black satin ribbon an inch wide, the lower trimmings placed slightly above the foot, the second band about the knee. The fully gathered baby waist has an Empire effect given by a band of the insertion edged with ribbons passing around just under the arms. A collar and belt of plain wide black satin ribbon meet in the back with shirred ruffles. The large puffed sleeves have also a band of the lace and ribbon surrounding them near the top, and are gathered below the elbow in a ribbon band with a *chou* on the inner side.

Black dresses are once more in great favor, partly in protest against the very bright colors worn on the street, and also because many women of fashion are wearing light mourning. The black woollens worn have twilled satin-finished surface with designs of long dashes or of dots. They have a tailor-made skirt and jacket usually, but one fancy is to have black sleeves set in a silk blouse that is trimmed with a flaring collar of the black. Thus a pink and white surah in cross stripes, or in

narrow Roman-colored stripes around the figure, is in blouses for very youthful black dresses, while others have *ombre* satin blouses ranging through dark rich shades, and still others are of Persian-patterned foulards. For thin dresses is a new black net of fine meshes with lengthwise cords of silk half an inch apart. Five flounces of this net are on a foundation skirt of black satin, covering it entirely, and each flounce is edged with wide black satin ribbon. A full waist of the net is trimmed with gray red Japanese silk gathered on the shoulders just at the arm-holes, and covering the sides to the waist-line, leaving a V of the net in front and back. Ribbon ruffles cross the bust. The net sleeves have ruffles of the silk falling from the top, and bordered with black satin ribbon. A belt of black satin fastens in the back under a pleated rosette. Point *desprit* and nets with larger dots that appear like embroidery amid irregular meshes are made up as a straight skirt hanging full over a plain net skirt of the same shape banded with eight rows of satin ribbon alternately of Corot green and cherry red. Both these skirts are attached at the belt to a foundation skirt of black satin mervilleux. The waist is of the dotted net striped around with ribbon and gathered very full on black satin. The sleeves are of the new gaufered satin that is very thin, and the waist front is ornamented with long drooping strands of large jet beads. Sprigged black net is made up over Russian blue satin, and both materials form a bell skirt trimmed with five bands of wide black satin ribbon, each edge covered with large jet spangles, and a row of white guipure like passementerie through the middle. The waist of blue satin is covered from the bust down with the net gathered very full, and the blue at the top is in yoke shape with radiating rows of jet drops from the neck to the bust. *Ombre* velvet shading from blue through gray and pink forms the elbow puffed sleeves, the collar, and the girdle. Simpler black dresses are of grenadine made up over satin, and trimmed with black satin ribbon edged with jet or with the new *ecru* or white guipure like a narrow vine of passementerie. Double skirts of grenadine are bordered with ribbon, the upper skirt opening up the back and trimmed there also. The waist has a reverse cape flaring widely on the shoulders, yet without gathers, and coming down the fronts in points to the girdle; this is opened on the shoulders, and is bordered with ribbon. The sleeves have a full puff at the top, and are banded with ribbon from wrist to elbow. The stock-collared and girdle are of wide ribbon. Other black grenadines have colored flowers printed upon them, and are made over silk shot with the colors of the flowers. When bunches of violets are the design the skirt is trimmed with ruffles of violet ribbon edged with satin bands the shade of the green leaves of the flowers. LA MODE.

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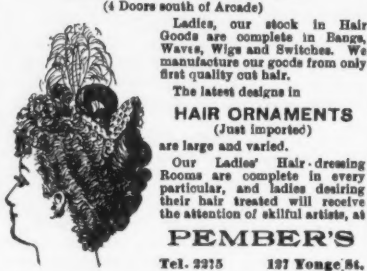
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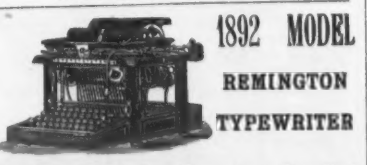
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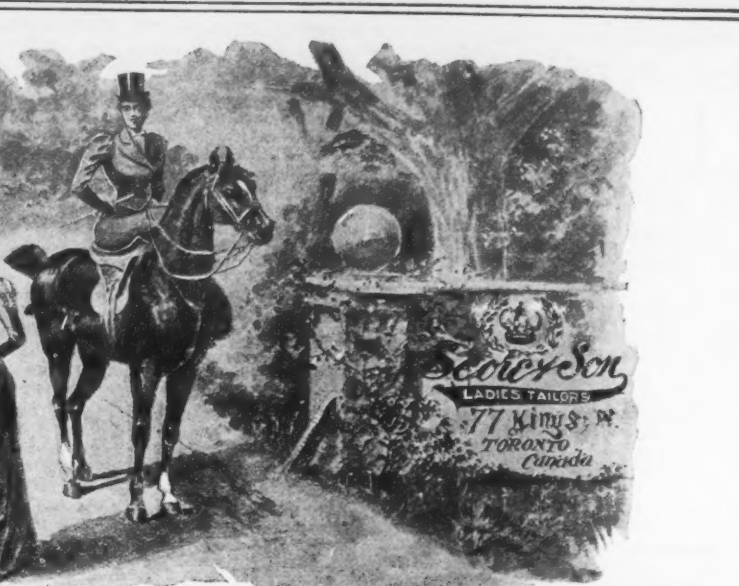
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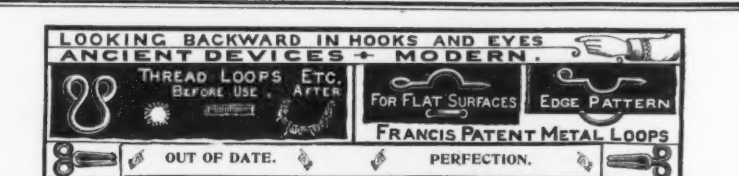
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Gossip from Chicago.

THE Woman's Congress opened this (Monday) morning with a mass meeting of delegates in the Columbian Hall, a room in the Memorial Art Gallery, a few minutes' walk from the Palmer House. The President, Mrs. Potter Palmer, was of course the most stared at of all the handsome and elegantly gowned women on the platform. She spoke a few sweet words of welcome to the representatives from all over the world, and was enthusiastically pronounced a beauty, and she really did present a stately and picturesque appearance in a gown of shot green silk, brocaded in a raised black cord in spirals and arabesques. The corsage was outlined in cut jet passementerie and bead fringe and pendants. Her airy little bonnet rested lightly on her soft gray curls and her bright dark eyes and handsome features were alight with triumph and interest. She had a pleasant word and smile for everyone, whether friend or stranger. Mrs. Henrotin, the vice-president, whose chief charm is in a very winning and frank expression, delivered a very business-like address, and wore a black flounced satin skirt and black and white panel brocade bodice, with a hat of black lace and straw and red roses. She was perhaps more generally liked if not so much admired as the handsome president. Mrs. Avery is a lovable and charming lady, full of sympathy and magnetism. She said her say clearly and prettily, with a certain earnestness and freshness of look and voice. Her gown was a *princesse* robe, like Shakespeare's old man's hose, "a world too wide," but Mrs. Avery gives one the impression of a soft, pliable and thoroughly womanly woman; the iron will is under the velvet manner. Mrs. Mary Sewell, who is by long odds the very smartest and most capable woman I have ever seen on a platform, gave an address bristling with points, epigrams and sly humor, and rich with grand and lofty sentiments. She spoke most brightly, and every phrase was well turned and full of expression. Mrs. Sewell was gowned in a changeable gray and garnet cut velvet, with dull copper red silk velvet sleeves and guimpes and a very dainty wrap *en suit*. She wore a smart little bonnet on her pretty white bangs, and was altogether a most attractive little woman. The Countess of Aberdeen was just a very fine type of an Old Country *grande dame*, tall, large, dignified, fair, with a lovely high bred accent and a voice that was heard without an effort all over the vast building. I remarked particularly the contrast between the quality of her tones and those of her American sisters. Her ladyship wore a heliotrope and black striped silk gown, with black lace, and a most becoming bonnet of violets and heliotrope ribbon. There is a good deal of her, but she is a lady every inch, and a true, earnest woman, I am sure. Mrs. Albert Barker, an English elocutionist, in an incredible tartan blouse and black skirt, and a large and peculiarly interesting *chapeau*, recited Columbia's Emblem, a poem written for the occasion. Her effort was a good deal marred by the passing out of many of the over-tired delegates, but was very fine indeed. This afternoon a reception is being held in the Palmer House to enable each and every delegate to meet the Countess and all the other celebrities. Among these I have already exchanged hostilities with the ladies aforementioned, and also Miss Susan B. Anthony, weighed down a little with the burden of over four score years; Mrs. C. Parrie, an Athenian delegate, in a wreath of black lace, crowned with some of the strangest and prettiest flowers, idealized fuchsias, we concluded to call them; Miss Josephine L. de Pledge, a pretty English woman, in a quaint black velvet nurse's bonnet, with white and black ties; Fraulein Berger, a Berlin woman, very queer with her silver hair combed back and flying loose; Mademoiselle Bgelet, a Parisian woman, who speaks no English, and to whom I was hailed by a dear little Toronto lady, that I might air my French; Mormons, colored ladies, Jews, Turks and Egyptians, for all I know, whom I grinned at, shook hands with, and played "half-fellow-well-met" generally. It is a congress of good-natured, amiably disposed visitors indeed, interspersed with the usual number of cranks and firebrands, women who know nothing and are not humbled by their lack, some timid, sweet creatures, who are fair game to be bullied and managed by the rest. But I must go and array myself for the reception or I shall truly be late for the "fair." Oh, by the way, I have not seen a vestige of the Exhibition yet; the other thing took up so much time Saturday and to-day.

LADY GAY.

Social and Personal.

On Tuesday evening, May 16, the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick with their usual hospitality entertained a number of Toronto people. Among the guests present were: His Grace the Duke of Newcastle and his friend Mr. Gambler Bolton, Mr. Monk, M.P.P. and Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Drayton, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. and Miss Dewar, Mr. Patterson and the Rev. Mr. Gardiner. Unfortunately the Earl and Countess of Craven were prevented from attending the dinner through slight indisposition.

One of the prettiest and most delightful progressive euchre and dancing parties of the season was given on Tuesday evening of last week to about forty young people by Mrs. Jack Walker in honor of her guest, Miss Bijou Gravel of Montreal.

An enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by Miss Barry recently. The hostess was prettily gowned in a combination of fawn and blue, and was assisted in looking after her guests by Miss E. Mills, who wore a most becoming dress of pink silk. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Whitesides, Mr. and Mrs. Teggart, Mr. and Mrs. Dineen, Mr. and Mrs. Parse, Misses Sinclair, Russell, Merrie, Daisy Shuttleworth, Burns, Dove, E. Lowe, Birdie Forrest, Myers, May Myers, Pillsworth, Whitesides, and L. Whitesides, and Messrs. W. Dineen, Green, Russell, Atkins, Ross, J. H.

Sinclair, G. F. Sinclair, Dr. Shuttleworth, Burns, J. Burns of Merriton, Agar and Fitzgerald.

I have received an intimation that Mrs. John Bailey, the beautiful Delaarte teacher from New York, may pay Toronto a visit in the near future. Mrs. Bailey is one of those fascinating women in whom culture is brought to the fullest perfection, of charming face, tall and elegant in figure, and richly gifted in every way. Toronto ladies will have a rare treat if Mrs. Bailey comes to preach the gospel of the beautiful.

The Misses Whitesides of Sackville street gave a very pleasant euchre party on Tuesday evening last. After the usual number of games had been played, dancing was indulged in. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. A. Purse, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Purvis, Mr. and Mrs. Vallentyne, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Crate, Miss Barry, Mr. J., Miss and Miss Annie Russell, Miss and Miss May Purvis, Miss Somers, Miss Phillips, Miss and Miss Maggie Johnston, Miss Ida Smith, Mr. W. and the Misses Funston, Mr. Will and Miss Robinson, Miss Mark, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Whitesides, Messrs. Atkins, Lyttle, G. Keele, J. Sinclair, H. McCallum, G. W. Hall, A. Johnston, W. Bickle, and Fred Taylor.

I have received a report of that excellent and unobtrusive mission, The Nursing at Home, which does so much practical good among the very poor. This association solicits no subscriptions, but has been the recipient of over sixteen hundred dollars during the past year. The board meets every Tuesday at 76 Hayter street, the headquarters, and their present pressing needs are an increase in the funds to enable them to have special nurses for infectious cases and the modern convenience of a telephone in the Home, which would be a great help in their work and which no doubt some generous body will supply.

The patrons of the Orpheus Society, whose grand concert will be the musical event of race week, are His Honor the Lieut. Governor and Sir Casimir Gzowski.

An enjoyable *musical* was given at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening of last week. The performers were all ladies, with the exception of the popular basso, Mr. W. H. Webster. Misses McKinnon, Deniston, Gunther and Canniff gave excellent piano solos, and Misses Rutherford, Hilliard, Vansickle, Bailey and Jenkins sang; Miss Bookless was violinist.

On the second of June the military comedy, A Double Masquerade, will be presented at Daves' Hall, Dovercourt and Bloor street, under the management of the Toronto Ladies' Cricket Club, by the following clever and well known cast:

Colonel Gordon.....Dr. Parkyn
Captain Randolph.....Mr. J. M. French
Lieutenant Francis Feibering.....Mr. George Sweeney
Lieutenant Jack Saville.....Mr. Bert Winans
Private Oliver Hawkins.....Mr. Van Chadwick
Mrs. Virtue (the colonel's niece).....Miss Adelaide Wadsworth
Jennie Gordon (her sister).....Miss Constance Jarvis
Joyce Marlowe.....Miss Marion Chadwick
Miss McPherson (a maiden from Aberdeen).....Miss Louise Chadwick
Harriet.....Miss McMurray
The patrons are: Col. and Mrs. Denison, Col. and Mrs. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Judge and Mrs. Mc Dougall, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Wedd. Special late cars will be run to accommodate those remaining for the dance.

A number of jolly luncheons and stylish dinners are arranged for next week.

The paddock at the Woodbine will be a perfect blaze of style and beauty next week, if one may judge from the elegant gowns being prepared for the prettiest women in Toronto. Lots of visitors are also expected to grace the scene, and an unusually successful meeting both socially and from a sporting standpoint is assured.

Mrs. Lyman Jones has been away for a short visit.

The Countess of Derby returned to Ottawa on Thursday, May 11.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wedd have secured the same cottage for this summer that they occupied last year at Hanlan's Point.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have been invited to attend the races by the O. J. C. An invitation has also been extended to Governor Flower of New York State and Mrs. Flower to be present at the races.

Mrs. George T. Blackstock is at Lakewood, N.J.

Miss Helen Leys of 325 Jarvis street is in New York.

Mrs. Shaw of Parkdale was At Home to her many friends on Monday afternoon.

Mr. E. Samuels left on Monday afternoon for New York.

Miss Lillie Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. W. P. Atkinson of Parkdale.

Mrs. A. J. Donaldson of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. Candee, Homewood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker returned from Bermuda on Saturday. They have had a most enjoyable season there.

Dr. J. B. Hall left last week for the South for the benefit of his health, he having had a severe attack of la grippe followed by pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Coy and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coy have taken cottages at Center Island for the summer.

Word has been received that Lady Macpherson is seriously ill at San Remo, Italy. Sir David and Lady Macpherson were to have sailed from Genoa this week for New York.

Members of the Masonic fraternity in Canada, who purpose visiting the Chicago World's Fair during the next six months, would do well to

communicate with, or call upon, Bro. H. A. Collins, the well known D.D.G.M. of the Toronto district, who has secured for visiting Canadian craftsmen special privileges during their sojourn in the Windy City. Bro. Collins can be found at 39 Melinda street.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Malcolm Gibbs, 175 Carlton street, when Miss Isabella S. Gibbs was married to Mr. J. J. Drew, barrister, of Guelph, eldest son of the late Judge Drew, senior judge of the county of Wellington. The rooms where the ceremony took place were beautifully decorated with Bermuda lilies, palms, roses, and other plants. The bride looked charming in her dress of white duchess satin, trimmed with brocade, over which fell a veil of tulle with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Birdie Gibbs, Miss Drew of Elora, and Miss Annie Riddington of St. John, N.B. They were richly costumed in pink bengaline. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred Dallas of the Dominion Bank, and Mr. Fred Campbell. The wedding presents were very numerous and came from all parts of the Dominion. The groom presented the bride with a gold watch, with a pendant of pearls in the form of an anchor, and the bridesmaids with padlock bracelets, with their names engraved thereon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist church. The wedding was a quiet one, and immediately after the ceremony the guests sat down to one of Webb's most *recherche* lunches, after which Mr. and Mrs. Drew took their departure amidst a shower of rice and good wishes, for the World's Fair at Chicago. Among the guests were: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Muir, Miss Muir, Dr. and Mrs. McPhedran, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, Miss McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ryrie, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Holmes, Mrs. Myers, Mr. S. Ormiston, Mr. and Mrs. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs of Galt and other intimate friends.

Major Hodgins of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, Ottawa, was being spending a few days with his father, Dr. Hodgins, Pembroke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Horrocks have returned from the West and are residing at No. 570 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Horrocks will be At Home on Monday and Tuesday next.

Mrs. Ruby A. Smith of Waterloo street was At Home to a few of her many friends on Thursday evening of last week, who spent a most enjoyable time.

On May 24, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. Owen A. Smiley will give a concert at Osawha, assisted by local talent.

On Monday evening the Earl and Countess of Craven arrived at the Queen's Hotel from Niagara Falls. They are on a tour of America, after being married in New York about three weeks ago, and will presently repair to Europe. The Countess previous to her marriage was Miss Cornelia Bradley-Martin of the New York family of that name. I am sure my readers will pardon me for giving here an amusing little story from the San Francisco Argonaut, in which the mother of the Countess figures prominently. It seems that George de Forest Grant, who is a great favorite in New York, in the clubs and in society, was in the same Paris hotel with the Bradley-Martins, whom he did not know. Mr. Grant, who is of a convivial temperament, was lying in bed one morning about eleven o'clock, with a dark-brown taste in his mouth. His servant presently brought in a note, which Mr. Grant opened. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin presents her compliments to Mr. George de Forest Grant, and begs to know whether he would surrender his first-floor apartments for the use of her niece."

Mr. Grant was so amazed that he at once became very wide awake. He proceeded to indite the following reply:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant presents his compliments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and desires to know whether her niece drinks."

It did not take long for this remarkable misadventure to bring an answer, which ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin is much surprised at the extraordinary question put to her by Mr. George de Forest Grant, but begs to assure him most emphatically that her niece does not drink."

The correspondence then came to a sudden ending through the following note from Mr. Grant:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant very much regrets that he cannot give up his first-floor apartments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin's niece, for he is convinced that as the young lady does not drink it is much easier for her to get upstairs than it is for Mr. Grant."

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Helms of Lancaster, England, are visiting Mrs. Helms' father, Rev. E. B. Young of this city.

Dr. Thomas M. Allan, son of Mr. P. C. Allan, has gone into temporary partnership with Dr. Lazzaro of Hamilton, Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice and Miss Smallpeice of Avenue road were at Buffalo, N.Y., this week, attending the wedding of Mr. Norman Lorraine Wickson.

Mr. A. R. Fawcett, the clever editor of the Streetsville Review, was in the city this week. Mr. Hugh Clark of the Kincardine Review was also in the city.

The many friends of Mr. A. R. Sampson of the Dominion Bank will be sorry to hear of his removal to the new branch at Seaford, and are sure the people of Seaford will find in "Sammy" a courteous and obliging bank official as well as a lover of sport.

On Monday, May 22 the annual commencement exercises of the Delaarte College of Oratory will take place in Association Hall.

Mr. Frank Deane's concert will take place on Thursday, June 1.

Among the Toronto ladies who occupied seats on the platform at the opening of the World's Woman's Congress were: Mrs. Curzon, Mrs. Seales, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mrs. Code, Mrs. McDonnell and Dr. Gullen. One of the most stylish-looking ladies from Canada is the second of those above mentioned. A very

sweet visitor who occupied a seat on the platform at the welcome meeting was Mrs. Tilley of London.

Miss Maude Snarr, one of our talented lady vocalists, has been filling numerous engagements in and out of town lately, and received flattering receptions wherever she appeared.

Miss Morton's tea on Saturday afternoon last, notwithstanding the weather, was most enjoyable. The young hostess received and looked lovely in pale blue silk and chiffon. Miss Gravel of Montreal, in whose honor the tea was given, looked sweetly pretty and was charmingly gowned in gray and cream silk with pale blue *chapeau*. Miss Ellis, cream and yellow; Miss Beard, pale blue, and Miss Mills, cream, assisted the hostess and as usual looked attractive and pretty.

The many friends of Mrs. (Dr.) Hastings of 262 Sherbourne street will be pleased to learn that she has returned home after an absence of three months.

Mr. Thos. Geddes, jr., from Edinburgh, Scotland, is visiting friends here on his way to Chicago and Western States, where he expects to make an extended tour in the interests of Scotch and English capitalists interested in some large irrigation schemes. He expects to spend some time in Toronto on his return.

Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert of St. George street intend leaving shortly for Quebec, where they will spend the coming season at their summer resort.

A most pleasant little At Home was given last Monday afternoon by Mrs. Shaw of Jameson avenue in honor of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shaw of Montreal, who were spending a few days here after their wedding tour and prior to their returning to their home in Montreal. Mrs. Shaw was assisted by the Misses Shaw and two young friends in receiving their guests. The bride wore a pretty and dainty gown of cream mull with a corsage bouquet of crimson roses and looked charming. Among those present were: Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Maynard, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. McGann, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Sefton, Mrs. Ingles, Miss B. and Miss T. Mason, Mrs. Goutlock, Miss Buck, Mrs. Pyke, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. and Miss Berryman, Miss Martin, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Sherwin, Mrs. Lockie, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, and many others.

A large number of merry picnickers and driving parties were to be seen wending their way to High Park last Saturday afternoon.

A very funny and enjoyable entertainment was given by the Ebony Minstrels last Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. M. de S. Wedd, in St. Andrew's Hall. Those taking part were: Messrs. Baker, G. Baker, C. Cluthe, F. Cluthe, F. Fletcher, Forsyth, Goodman, McCord, Norrie, W. Norrie, Pegley, Semple, Smedley, Sowdon, C. Sowdon, H. Sowdon, Webster, E. Wedd, L. Wedd, Masters Birmingham, Cluthe and Connery, Corin, Easton, Miller, McCartney and Watt. The solos by M. de S. Wedd, Geo. Smedley, G. Pegley and F. Baker were particularly well sung for amateurs, and the musical sketches by Geo. Smedley and Mousie Fletcher were excellent. The latter played on some novel and original instruments in a remarkable manner. Other solos were given by members of the company, which received hearty applause, but on account of space I cannot go into details.

The Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Hillary, sang the cantata Wreck of the Hesperus in a most charming manner. This music was composed especially for the club by Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bach., S.C.O.L.E. Miss Kate Archer wore a *creme* silk Empire gown with roses, which was most becoming. Her different solos were heartily applauded and she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of crimson roses. Miss Dallas played well, and was the recipient of a basket of roses. Mrs. Blight made a very efficient accompanist, and wore a pretty gown of rich black lace with flowers. Miss Hillary looked charming in black silk with deep lace and sang My Lady's Bower very sweetly. Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Nicholson sang solos and were well received. The audience was large and appreciative, and many expressed their admiration during the evening of such a bevy of prettily gowned girls. Among those present in the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Captain and Mrs. Harstone, Mr. Caston and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Cameron, Mrs. McMurray, Miss McKellar, the Misses Gurney, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Frank H. and the Misses Mason, Miss Veals and young ladies, Mr. W. Cameron.

Continued on Page Thirteen.

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Out of Town.

Belleville.

A VERY pretty dancing party was given by Miss Grace Webster to some thirty of her friends on Tuesday evening of last week at her father's residence on Bridge street. Miss Webster was prettily attired in cream with trimmings of natural flowers. Among the guests were: Misses Hoffman, Philipps, Vandevort, Lingham, the Misses Coleman, Lulu Davy, Brignall, McLean, Hunter, and Messrs. McLean, Vandevort, Messrs. McKeown, J. N. Doyle, Davy, Smeaton, Matheson, Cook, Doyle, Frallick and Haggard.

Progressive pedro was the amusement chosen by Mrs. Caldwell of the White House for the entertainment of her guests on Thursday evening of last week. A most enjoyable evening was spent by the guests, some six tables being utilized for pedro. The first prizes were won by Mr. Philipps and Miss Dickson, and the booty prizes by Mrs. Biggar and Mr. Halliwell. The invited guests were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. C. Philipps, Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, Mrs. Frank Wallbridge, Miss Dickson, Miss Ferrill, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Miss Clara Wallbridge, Mrs. Geo. Stewart, Mrs. Leitch, and Messrs. Gillen, Dupuis, Laidlaw, Halliwell and Rev. Mr. Pole. Mrs. Caldwell wore a pretty black flowered silk gown trimmed with lace, while Miss Annie Wallbridge, who assisted Mrs. Caldwell, was daintily gowned in cream and mauve; Mrs. Geo. Stewart wore a magnificent gown of black lace and jet; Mrs. Farley, white satin with black lace trimmings; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier was elegantly clad in green silk with white lace trimmings; Mrs. Leitch looked very handsome in crimson silk and black lace; Mrs. Biggar, mauve silk with cream chiffon; Miss Ferrill, perfectly sweet in a pink gown; Miss Proctor was also daintily gowned in pink; Miss Clara Wallbridge was a sweet picture in *cau de nil* silk; Miss Dickson wore white with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Hope looked well in mauve; Mrs. Lingham, black flowered silk; Mrs. Frank Wallbridge, black silk; Mrs. Philipps wore an exquisite gown of pale blue satin with white lace trimmings.

Miss Proctor of Brighton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Northrup.

The name of Miss Helen Corby was accidentally omitted from the list of guests at Mrs. Jas. Grant's pedro party.

Mr. Harry Corby, M.P., was presented with a beautiful brass wheel for his trim and dainty steam launch, Omata, by a few of his friends, on Friday of last week. However costly any gift might be which the citizens present to Mr. Corby, it would not begin to represent the gratitude which our people have for him, not alone for his attention and solicitude for the welfare of the city itself, but also for his kindness and generosity to the poor and friendless of the city.

Mrs. Casey has moved to her residence on the corner of Charles and Hotel streets.

BETSEY.

Cornwall.

One of the brightest social events of the season was the At Home given by the members of the Cornwall Club in their new rooms on Wednesday evening of last week. The new premises were opened several months ago, but a number of alterations were found necessary and these were only recently completed. The At Home was given as a housewarming and with a view of affording the ladies an opportunity to invade the mysterious precincts of clubdom. Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the brilliant descendant of the Indian Chief Brant, being on a tour of Eastern Ontario, was engaged for the occasion and gave the company a rare intellectual treat. Her first number was an affecting little story told in verse, entitled *Beyond the Blue*. Then followed a bright comedy scene, *Cousin Constance*, in which Miss Johnson very cleverly depicts the awkward dilemma of a young man with a strong aversion to his Canadian relatives because they have Indian blood in their veins. But the talented lady was at her best in the selections in which the characteristics of her own people are portrayed. In *The Cry of an Indian Wife* she was intensely pathetic, and in the closing number, *As Rodmen Die*, she gave a magnificent picture of the tragic heroism of the Mohawk chiefs. Miss Johnson recites only her own productions, and those given may be taken as a fair criterion of her literary attainments. There is a fine originality and great beauty of expression in all her writings, and their effect is much enhanced in her recitals by the natural grace and ability with which she renders them. In response to an encore Miss Johnson gave *The Pilot of the Plains*. Miss Mary H. Wagner assisted in the programme, playing one of Chopin's waltzes and Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise*. Both selections were rendered with artistic skill. Mr. J. R. O'Neill also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, singing a couple of songs, *Anchored* and *When the Pilot Takes Command*, in a very pleasing manner. At the close of the programme refreshments were served and a couple of hours passed most pleasantly, when the party separated. The general opinion heard on all sides was that it had been a most delightful evening, and the ladies whose husbands belong to the club do not think it is such a terrible place after all. The rooms were beautifully decorated with foliage plants and smilax and there was a great profusion of cut flowers. The patronesses for the occasion were: Mrs. A. Gault, Mrs. A. Denny, Mrs. Carman, Mrs. D. Munroe and Mrs. R. A. Pringle. The officers of the club are: Archibald Gault, president; Dinean Munroe, vice-president; Henry Turner, secretary-treasurer; committee of management, Archibald Denny, Dr. Harrison, D. Flack and C. H. Cline. Among the visitors were: Mrs. Corbett of Halifax, Mrs. Kilgilly of Morrisburg, Mrs. Cameron of South Lancaster,

Mrs. Aylmer of Toronto, Mrs. C. Flack of Brantford and Miss Hasen of St. John, N.B. Miss E. Pauline Johnson was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Milliken during her stay in Cornwall.

Forest.

Miss Lillie Griggs returned home on Thursday of last week, after having spent the winter with relations in British Columbia. Her many friends are delighted to see her again.

The disciples of Isaac Walton are now hunting the shores of the lake and bringing home large stories of the size and number of the fish secured by them.

The Bachelors' Club are building a cottage on the lake shore, probably to escape capture by the young ladies during the summer months.

An interesting game of cricket was played recently between the Bachelors and Benedicts of the local club, resulting in a victory for the Benedicts by six runs. It is said the presence of ladies at the match unnerved the bashful Bachelors. The Forest Club will play a match with the London City Club at London on May 24.

The Forest Baptist church was the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday morning of last week, when Dr. R. Owens and Miss Annie Bentley, both of this town, were united in Hymen's bonds. The event took place at 11.30 o'clock, the Rev. A. P. McDonald performing the ceremony in the presence of a large assemblage of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride was supported by Miss Lizzie Brown of Rodney, and the groom by Dr. G. A. Bentley, D.D.S., of Ridgeway. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother on Main street, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of. The bride was made the recipient of many beautiful presents. At 2.15 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Owens left on the east-bound express for Toronto, where they will spend a few days, and will probably visit Montreal and Ottawa before their return. They will be away eight or ten days. They have the hearty congratulations of a large circle of friends.

Lindsay.

Mrs. Kempf gave a photograph party last week, at which everyone enjoyed the music of this strange instrument.

Miss Knowlson has returned from an extended visit to Toronto.

Mr. Lester Coulter has returned from Texas. What about private theatricals? Won't the Thirteen Club give us another chance of judging their undoubted talents?

I hear that a billiard tournament is under way. Now, I hope the manager will have reserved seats for ladies, so that we can all have a chance to watch this delightful game. INO.

Mr Peabody's Flat.

"By the great horn spoon! but they're at it again!" exclaimed Mr. Peabody as he looked up from his evening paper. "I'm going right out and tell the janitor that if he doesn't get that family out this week we'll move on Monday morning."

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Peabody as she laid aside the book.

"What is it? Are you deaf? Don't you hear that boy galloping around up there like a loose colt on a barn floor? Listen to that! He's jumping up and down right over our chandelier."

"Why, dear, he's very quiet just now as compared to other occasions. I suppose he's full of animal spirits, same as all other boys."

"Animal nonsense! Do you imagine that if I had a boy ten years old I'd let him gallop around this room and disturb the people below? People have got rights, Mrs. Peabody—legal rights, even if they do live in a flat! Just hear him! What on earth can his father be thinking of?"

"His father may not be at home."

"But he ought to be. It's his business to be right up there spanking that lawless son of his. That boy is old enough to know better. He's doing it simply out of pure cussedness. I'll find the janitor and ask him what in the name of creation he—"

"It's all quiet now," interrupted Mrs. Peabody.

"Oh! is it? Well, it's a mighty good thing he stopped just as he did. If he's broken his neck don't you attend the funeral. Don't you even lend 'em a chair or look out of the window at the procession."

Ten minutes of silence, during which Mr. Peabody gets quieted down again.

"Good lands, Mrs. Peabody, but what's that noise?"

"What noise, my dear?"

"Why, that squalling and yelling and shrieking upstairs? Have you got both ears stopped up with cotton?"

"That noise? Oh, yes—it's the twin babies on the floor above."

"Twin babies! Twins! Do you mean to tell me they have twin babies on the floor above?"

"I believe they have, but they can't help it. They are the cutest babies you ever saw."

"Cutest thunderation! Where was the landlord of this flat all the time? Where was the janitor? It wasn't enough that they had a kangaroo of a boy to shake the floor down with his jumping and thumping, but they must go and ring in a pair of twins on us! I won't stand it another day—not an hour—not a holy minute!"

"Mr. Peabody, don't be so nervous! No one ever saw a baby that didn't cry occasionally. I haven't heard a peep from them all the afternoon."

"Nervous! Who's nervous? Don't talk of nervousness to a man who slept in the trenches at Yorktown with two hundred cannon blazing away all night long! I'm simply annoyed to see other people so totally reckless of my legal rights. Twins, eh? And the family bought their furniture on the installment plan, and are only paying three dollars a week on the bill. Twins, eh? I'll bring home measles and rumps and whooping cough within the next twenty-four hours."

"They have stopped crying now."

"Have they? Well, that won't change my plans any. Those twins have got to go!"

Silence for another ten minutes, and the redness has begun to fade from Mr. Peabody's face, when he drops his paper, jumps to his feet and growls:

"Now, by all creation, but this is too much—too much! What infernal thing has broken loose up there now, Mrs. Peabody?"

"That noise! Why, I think the man is tacking down a carpet in one of the bed-rooms."

"Tacking down a carpet! Tacking down a carpet at eight o'clock at night—yes, at a quarter after eight! Just wait! Just let me find that janitor. I'll see whether people in this flat surrendered all their rights or not when they moved in. Where's my hat?"

"Mr. Peabody, don't be foolish. If you wanted to drive a few tacks you'd do it, no matter who was disturbed by the noise. The janitor can't stop them."

"Then I will! I'll go up there and take that man—that father of those confounded twins—by the neck and choke some sense into him! By the jumping jingo, but he's pounding louder than ever! Perhaps he defies me! Where's that hat?"

"You can't find the janitor if you go down, as he's gone over to Brooklyn this evening to see his dying sister. Be reasonable, Mr. Peabody."

"Gone to Brooklyn! Dying sister! That's the kind of janitor he is, is it? Instead of being here to protect tenants in their legal rights he must be tripping around the country to see dying sisters! If I've got any influence in Tammany, that janitor goes to-morrow—gets fired right out into the cold world before night. Have you thrown my hat out of the window, or is the girl using it for a coal scuttle in the kitchen?"

"You left it in the bed-room, but you don't need it. The man has finished his tacking."

"Has, eh? It's a mighty lucky thing for him, if he did but know it, Mrs. Peabody!"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm not a nervous man. I'm not easily annoyed. I am careful of other people's rights. I'm a man of peace. It takes years of insult and injury to arouse me."

"Yes, dear."

"But when once aroused I'm a thundering Niagara, and I never forget or forgive! That boy up there dies to-morrow! The twins die next week! If the parents take the hint and keep quiet they may live, but if not they go before the month is out!"

And having issued his ultimatum, Mr. Peabody resumed his paper with great satisfaction. —*Detroit Free Press.*

How He Demonstrated His Business Ability.

"When I came last Monday," said the sad-faced man to the widow whom he had rescued from the barbed wire fence at Baker's beach, "you gave me five dollars."

"I'm sure you deserved it," replied the widow, "and—and you have my gratitude."

"You said you liked my appearance fairly well."

"Yes—after you had got fixed up in my poor husband's clothing I did."

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"But I wear your poor husband's clothing no longer. These garments are my own. You said, as we talked of our past individual experiences, that if I could demonstrate the business ability of which I spoke you might take me as a partner in your little home."

"Yes, but I—I wouldn't want to seem harsh or unkind if you haven't been fully able to succeed. Perhaps you tried."

"You said you own this little place and an improved ranch in Oakland."

"And so I do—a ranch that two might live on comfortably."

"And so you need as a companion someone able to manage a ranch and collect a rent from this place."

"Yes, I think so yet. If I know a man that would be good and kind, perhaps I could get along with the finances."

"I believe I am qualified. You gave me five dollars on Monday."

"So I did."

"On Tuesday I had doubled it and made three dollars more. I doubled that amount on Wednesday."

"Can it be possible that you have gambled?" cried the widow with a first indication of despair.

"Thoughtless woman! Could a man win twice in one week?"

The meaning of the widow's sigh might have been a problem for the sad-faced man if he had noticed that response, but just then he was busy with the account of his earnings.

"On Thursday morning," as the statement continued, "I had \$26 less \$2.50 that I had paid out for living expenses. It was the most money I had owned in eight years; it was the first I could get."

"Go on," exclaimed the widow, expectantly, and yet fearing to hear of final losses.

"I made \$18 over and above expenses on Thursday and lived at a hotel. I tell you it seemed good to be myself once more."

Poor man! The widow almost wept in sympathy.

"That was \$41.50. The next evening, Friday,



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I counted up \$63.65. Saturday morning I bought this suit at a bargain for \$15.50. Your former husband's apparel I stowed in a secret place where I used to sleep, as I chanced to be near there soon afterward, but I will bring them back to-morrow."

"Don't mind about that," said the widow. "Saturday was the best day of all. I made a clear gain of \$31.30. I kept a little change for ordinary use, and the rest I put in bank until Monday. There's the book with \$70 to my credit."

"All that from the money I paid you?" asked the astonished widow.

"Every dollar of it," quietly the sad-faced man affirmed.

"Then you have proved all you said, and I am sure—but first tell me how you earned so much."

"I've been peddling tape lines. With every tape line I gave complete directions how measurements should be taken by those who wanted to compete in the World's Fair Venus contest. I've run out of tape lines now, but I have ordered five hundred gross of them to be made right away.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"WE'LL BIND YOU FAST IN SILKEN CORDS."

Captain Hulbert was not selfish enough to plead for his personal happiness in the midst of a household shadowed by the gloom of a coming sorrow. Martin Disney's face as he looked at his wife in those moments which too plainly marked the rapid progress of decay, was in itself enough to put a check upon a lover's impatience. How could any man plead for his own pleasure—for the roses and sunshine of life—in the presence of that deep despair?

"He knows that he is doomed to lose her," thought Hulbert; "he knows it, and yet tries to hope. I never saw such intense, unquestioning love. One asks oneself involuntarily about any woman—is she worth it?"

And then he thought of Allegra, truthful and impulsive, strong as steel, transparent as crystal. Yes, such a woman as that was worth the whole of a man's heart—worthy that a man should live or die for her. But it seemed to him that to compare Isola with Allegra was to liken a sapling ash to an oak.

He resigned himself to his disappointment, talked no more of Venice and the starlit lagoons, the summer nights on the Lido, and quoted no more of Ruskin's rhapsodies; but he came weekly day after day to join in the family excursion, whatever it might be. He had quite enough and to spare of ecclesiastical architecture and of the old masters during those summerlike mornings and afternoons. He heard more than enough of the mad Cesars and the bad Cesars, of wicked empresses and of low-born favorites, of despotism throned in the palace and murder waiting at the gate, of tyranny drunken with power long abused, and treason on the watch for the golden opportunity to change one profligate master for another, always with an eye to the main chance as represented by the treasury and the spoils of war.

"People gloat over these hoary old walls as if they would like to have lived under Caligula," said the sailor with a touch of impatience, when Father Rodwell had been expatiating upon a little bit of moulding which decorated a fragment of staircase.

"It would have been at least a picturesque time to have lived in," said Allegra. "Existence must have been like a series of pictures by Alma Tadema."

Captain Hulbert was startled out of his state of placid submission by the intervention of a most unexpected ally.

It was one of the hottest days there had been since they came to Rome—a day on which to cross the Piazza in front of St. Peter's was like plunging into a sea of molten gold; in which to enter the great basilica itself was like going out of a furnace into an ice-house. Father Rodwell was not with them upon this particular morning. They were a party of four, and a roomy landau had been engaged to drive them to the church of St. Paul beyond the walls, and thence to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Isola and Allegra had made pilgrimages to the spot before to-day, and it was a drive they both loved, a glimpse of the pastoral life outside the gates of the city, and a place for ever associated with the poet whose verse was written in their hearts.

They dawdled over a light luncheon of macaroni and Roman wine at a *cafe* near the great cold white church, and then they drove through the sandy lanes in the heat of the afternoon, languid all of them, and Isola paler and more weary-looking than she had been for some time. Her husband watched her anxiously, and wanted to go back to Rome, lest the drive should be too exhausting for her.

"No, no, I am not tired," she answered somewhat impatiently. "I would much rather go on. I want to see that grand old tower again," and she quoted the familiar lines dreamily, with a faint pleasure in their music—

"Perchance she died in youth; it may be bowed With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb That weighed upon her gentle dust."

"Besides," she added confusedly, "I want to have a little private talk with Captain Hulbert, while Allegra is busy with her everlasting memoranda in that dirty little sketch-book which is stuffed with the pictures of the future. May I?"

She looked from her husband to Captain Hulbert pleadingly. The latter was the first to answer.

"I am at your service, Mrs. Disney; ready to be interrogated, or lectured, or advised, whichever you like."

"I am not going to do either of the three. I am going to ask you a favor."

"Consider that to ask is to be obeyed."

They alighted in the road by the tomb, a few minutes afterwards. Allegra's notebook was out immediately, a true artist's book, crammed with every conceivable form of artistic reminiscence.

"Go and talk," she said, waving her hand to Isola and Hulbert; and then she clambered up a bank opposite that tower of other days to get a vantage ground for her sketch.

She had made a score of sketches on the same spot, but there were always new details to jot down, new effects and ideas, on that vast level which frames the grandeur of Rome. Yonder the long slanting line of the aqueduct, here the living beauty of calm-fronted Roman oxen pacing with stately motion along the dusty way, the incarnation of strength and majesty, patience and labor.

"Stay here and smoke your cigar, Martin," said Isola, "while Captain Hulbert and I go for a short stroll."

Her husband smiled at her tenderly, cheered by her unwonted cheerfulness. His days and hours alternated between hope and despair. This was a moment of hope.

"My dearest, you are full of mystery to-day,"

he said, "and I am full of curiosity. But I can wait. Consider me a statue of patience, and take your time."

She put her hand through Hulbert's arm and led him away from the other two, sauntering slowly beside the grassy bank.

"I want to talk about your wedding," she said, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"When are you and Allegra going to be married?"

"My dear Mrs. Disney, you know I pledged myself to wait a year from the time of our engagement—a year from last Christmas. You must remember. That was to be my probation."

"Yes, I remember, but that is all foolishness—idle romance. Allegra knows that you love her. I don't think she could know it any better after another half year's devotion on your part."

"I don't think she could know it better after another half century. I know I could never love her more than I do now. I know I can never love her less."

"I believe that you are good and true," said Isola. "As true and almost as good as his is," with a backward glance at her husband.

"If I did not believe that I should not have thought of saying what I am going to say."

"I am honored by your confidence in me."

"I love Allegra too well to hazard her happiness. I know she loves you—has never cared for anyone else. She was heart-whole till she saw you. She had no more thought of love, or lovers, than a child. I want you to marry her soon, Captain Hulbert—very soon, before we leave Rome. Would you not like to be married in Rome?"

"I would like to be married in Kamtschatka, or Nova Zembla—or the worst of those places whose very names suggest all kinds of discomfortableness. There is no dismallest corner of the earth which Allegra could not glorify and make dear. But, as you suggest, Rome is classic—Rome is medieval—Rome is Roman Catholic. It would be a new sensation for a plain man like me to be married in Rome. I suppose it could not be managed at St. Peter's?"

"Oh, Captain Hulbert, I want you to be serious."

"I am serious. Why, this is a matter of life and death to me. But I pleaded so hard for a June wedding—and to no purpose. I talked with the artfulness of the first Tempter—I tried to play upon all her vanities as an artist. All in vain!"

"Tell her that I have set my heart upon seeing her married," said Isola, in a low voice.

"Why, of course you will see her married, whether she is married at Rome or at Treviso. That is no argument."

"But it is; indeed it is. Tell her that if I am to be at her wedding it must be soon, very soon. Life is so uncertain at best, and although I feel well and strong sometimes—to-day, for instance—there are other times when I think the end is nearer than even my doctor expects. And I know by his face that he does not give me a long lease of life."

"My dear Mrs. Disney, this is morbid. I am grieved to hear you talk in such a strain."

"Don't notice that. Don't say anything depressing to Allegra. I want her to go off to her Venetian honeymoon very happily—with not one cloud in her sky. She has been so good and dear to me. It would be hard if I could not rejoice in her happiness. I have rejoiced in it always; I shall take pleasure in it to the end of my life. It is the one unclouded spot—"

she stopped with a troubled air. "Yes, it is a happy fate—to have cared for one, and one only, and to be loved again. Will you do what I ask you, Captain Hulbert? Will you hurry on the wedding, for my sake?"

"I would do anything difficult and unwelcome for your sake—how much more will I hasten my own happiness—if I can. But Allegra is a difficult personage—as firm as a rock when she has once made up her mind. And she has made up her mind to stay with you till you are quite well and strong again."

"She need not leave me for ever because she marries. She can come back to me after a long honeymoon. We can all meet in Switzerland—in the autumn—if I go there with Martin as he proposes."

"Well, I will try to bend that stubborn will."

"And you don't mind having a quiet wedding, if she consent to hasten it?"

"Mind! The quieter the better for me! I think a smart wedding is a preventive of matrimony. That sounds like a bull. I will say I think there are many wretched bachelors walking about who might have been happily married if it had not been for the fear of a smart wedding. We will have as quiet a wedding as you and Disney can desire; but I should like Lostwithiel to be present. He is my only near relation, and I don't want to cut him on the happiest day of my life. Why, Mrs. Disney, you are trembling! You have agitated yourself about this business! You have talked too much for your strength. Let me take you back to the carriage."

"Presently—yes, yes. The heat overcame me for a moment, that's all. Would you mind not waiting for Lord Lostwithiel? I want the marriage to be at once—directly—as soon as Father Rodwell can get it arranged. And you don't know where a telegram would reach your brother."

"Indeed I do not; but by speculating a few messages of enquiry I could soon find out the whereabouts of the Eurydice."

"Don't wait for that. There would be delay. There must be delay if you have to consult any distant person's convenience. We are all here—you and Allegra, and Martin and I—and Father Rodwell would like to marry you. What do you want with anybody else?"

"Upon my word, I think you are right! Allegra is a creature of impulse—where principle is not at stake. If I were to ask her

to marry me six weeks hence she would parley and make terms. If I ask her to marry me in a few days—before we leave Rome—she may consent. Have you talked to your husband? Is he of your opinion?"

"I have said nothing to him, but I know he would be pleased to see you and Allegra bound together for life."

"I will talk to him this afternoon. One can get everything one wants in Rome, I believe, from a Papal dispensation down to an English solicitor. If we can but rattle through some kind of marriage settlement to your husband's satisfaction we can be married on the earliest day to which my darling will consent. God bless you, Mrs. Disney, for your unselfish thought of other people's happiness! You are not like most invalids, who would let a sister languish in lifelong spinsterhood rather than lose her as a nurse. God grant that your unselfishness may be recompensed by your speedy recovery."

"There will be a weight off my mind when you and Allegra are married," said Isola gravely.

They walked slowly back to the spot where they had left their companions. A pair of oxen, with an empty cart, were standing in the road below the tomb, their driver lounging across the rough vehicle—man and beasts still as marble. Allegra sat on a hillock opposite, sketching the group. She had bribed the man to draw up for a brief halt while she made her rough sketch. The massive heads were drooping under the afternoon sun. The tawny and cream-hued coats were stained with dust and purpled with the sweat of patient labor. The creatures looked as gracious and as wise as if they had been gods in disguise.

"Now, Allegra," said her brother, emptying the ashes out of his pipe, "are you ready to go home?"

"Yes, I have just jotted down what will serve to remind me of those splendid beasts; but I should like to have them standing there all day, so that I could paint them seriously. They are the finest models I have seen in Rome. Have you two quite finished your secrets and mysteries?" she asked, smiling at Isola, who was looking brighter than usual.

"Yes; I have said all I had to say, and have been answered as I wished to be answered. I shall go home very happy."

"That's a good hearing," said Disney, as he helped her into the landau.

Allegra had talked of wanting to re-visit Caracalla's Baths, a wish of which Isola reminded her as they drove back to the city by the Appian Way, whereupon Captain Hulbert suggested that he and his sweetheart should stop to explore the ruins, while Disney and Isola went home.

Allegra blushed and consented, always a little shy at being alone with her lover, especially since he had pleaded so earnestly for a summer honeymoon.

"Mrs. Disney, your right place in Rome would be the Embassy," murmured Hulbert as he shut the carriage door; "you are a born diplomatist."

"What makes my dearest look so pleased and happy this afternoon?" asked Disney, as he changed to the seat beside his wife.

"I am glad because I think Captain Hulbert will persuade Allegra to marry him before we leave Rome. I begged him to hasten their marriage. That was my mystery, Martin. That was what he and I were talking about."

"But why wish to hasten matters, dear? They are very happy as it is—and a year is not a long engagement."

"Too long for me, Martin. I want to see her happy—I want to see them married before—"

"Before what, dear love?" he asked tenderly.

"Before we leave Rome."

"That would be very short work. We leave in a fortnight. The weather will be growing too hot for you if we linger later."

"Yes, but everything can be settled in less time than that. Ask Father Rodwell. He knows Rome so well that he can help you to arrange all details."

"I thought that every young woman required at least six months for the preparation of her trousseau!"

"Not such a girl as Allegra. She is always well dressed, and her wardrobe is the perfection of neatness—but she is not the kind of girl with whom new clothes are the distinctive feature of marriage. I don't think the trousseau will create any difficulty."

"And when she is gone what will you do without your devoted companion? Who will nurse you and take care of you?"

"Lottchen or any other servant," she answered, with a kind of weary indifference. "It would be very hard if my mad head should stand in the way of Allegra's happiness. So long as you will stay with me and be kind to me, Martin, I need no one else."

Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she turned from him, pretending to be interested in the convent walls on the edge of the hill below which they were driving.

"So long as I stay! My darling, do you think business or pleasure, or any claim in the world will ever take me away from you any more! All your hours are precious to me, Isola. I hardly live when I am away from you. Wherever your doctor may send you, or your own caprice may lead you, I shall go with you unhesitatingly—without one regret for anything I leave behind."

"Don't say these things to me," she cried suddenly, with a choking sob. "You are too good to me. There are times when I can't bear it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SO, FULL CONTENT SHALL HENCEFORTH BE MY LOT.

Allegra was not inexorable. There in the ruins of the Imperial baths, where Shelley dreamed out the burning thoughts of his Prometheus, Captain Hulbert pleaded his cause. Could love resist the pleading of so fond a lover? Could art withstand the allurements of Venice—Titian and Tintoretto, the cathedral of St. Mark and the Palace of the Doges, the birthplace of Desdemona and of Shylock, the home of Byron and of Browning?

She consented to a Roman marriage.

"I can't help wishing I could be a Papist, just for that one day," she said lightly. "An Anglican marriage seems so dry and cold compared with the pomp and splendors of Rome."

"Dearest, the plainest Christian rites are enough if they but make us one."

"I think we are that already, John," she answered shyly, and then, nestling by his side as they sat on a fallen column in the wide solitude of those stupendous halls, she took his hand and held it in both her own, looking down at it wonderingly, a well formed hand, strong and muscular, broadened a little by seafaring.

"And you are to be my husband," she said, "mine. I shall speak of you to people as my own peculiar property. My husband will do this or that. My husband has gone out, but he will be home soon. Home. Husband. How strange it sounds."

"Strange and wonderful now, love. Sweet and familiar before our honeymoon is ended."

They went out of those forsaken halls, once populous with the life of Imperial Rome, wrapt in the glamour of their dream. They walked all the way to Piazza di Spagna in the same happy dream, as unconscious of the ground they trod on as if they had been floating in the air.

They were a very cheerful party at dinner that evening. Father Rodwell dined with them, and was delighted at the idea of having to marry these happy lovers. He took the arrangement of the ceremony into his own hands. The English chaplain was his old friend, and would let him do what he liked in his church.

"It is to be a very quiet wedding," said the Colonel, when the three men were smoking together in a loggia, that looked out on the little garden of orange trees and oleanders in the gray dim beginning of night, when the thin crescent moon was shining in a sky still faintly flushed with sunset. "Isa could not stand anything like bustle or excitement. Luckily we have no friends in Rome. There is no one belonging to us who could be aggrieved at not being invited."

"And there is no one except Lostwithiel on my side who has the slightest claim to be present," said Hulbert. "I am almost as well off as the Flying Dutchman in that respect. I am not troubled with relations. All I have left to me are distant, and I allow them to remain so. My dear Disney, so far as I am concerned, our wedding cannot be too quiet a business. It is the bride I want, mark you, not the fuss and flowers, wedding breakfast, and bridesmaids. Let us be married at half-past ten, and drive from the church to the railway station in time for the noonday train. I have given up my dream of taking Allegra round Southern Italy to the Adriatic. We shall go to Florence first, and spend a few days in the galleries, and thence to Venice, where we will have the Vendetta brought to us, and anchored near the arsenal, ready to carry us away directly we are tired of the city of old memories."

Father Rodwell left them and went into the drawing-room, where Isola and her sister-in-law were sitting in the lamplight—Isola's hands occupied with that soft, fluffy knitting which seemed to exercise a soothing influence upon her nerves; Allegra leaning over the table idly sketching with a light and rapid pencil random reminiscences of the Baths, the Tomb, the grave-eyed oxen, with their great curving horns and ponderous foreheads.

The priest was interested in watching Isola this evening. He saw a marked change in the expression of her countenance, a change which was perceptible to him even in her voice and manner—a brightness which might mean a lightened heart, or which might mean exaltation.

"Has she told him?" he wondered, studying her from his place in the shadow as the lamplight shone full upon her wasted features and hectic coloring. "Has she taken courage and confessed her sin to that loyal, loving husband, and is the burden lifted from her heart?"

No; he could not believe that she had lifted the veil from the dark secret of her past. Martin Disney's unclouded brow to-night was not that of a man who had lately learned that the wife he loved had betrayed him. There might be pardon—there might be peace between husband and wife after such a revelation; but there could not be that serenity which he had seen in Martin Disney's manner to his wife to-night. Such a thunderclap must leave its mark upon the man who suffered it. No; her secret was still locked in her impatient heart. Sorry—yes. She had drunk her cup of remorse in all its bitterness, but she knew not true penitence, the Christian's penitence, which means self-abasement and confession. And yet she seemed happier. There was a look of almost holy resignation upon the pale and placid brow, and in the too lustrous eyes. Something had happened—some moral transformation which made her a new being.

Father Rodwell drew his chair nearer to her, and looked at her earnestly with his cordial, almost boyish smile. He was a remarkably young-looking man, a man upon whom long years of toil in the dark places of the earth had exercised no wasting or withering influence. He had loved his work too well ever to feel the pressure of the burdens he carried. His gospel had been always a cheerful gospel, and he had helped to lighten sorrows, never to make them heavier. He was deeply interested in Isola, and had been watchful of all her changes of mood since their conversation in the shadow of the Roman Pyramid. He had seen her impressed by the history and traditions of the church, moved by the pathos of holy lives, touched almost to tears by sacred pictures, and he saw in her character and disposition a natural bent towards piety, exactly that receptive temperament which moves holy women to lives of self-abnegation and heroic endeavor. He had lent her some of those books which he loved best and read most carefully, and he had talked with her of religion, careful not to say too much or with too strong an emphasis, and never by any word alluding to her revelation of past guilt. He wanted to win her to perfect trustfulness in him, to teach her to lean upon him in her helplessness, until the hour should come when she would let him

lead her to her husband in the self-abasement of true penitence.

He looked at her in the lamplight, and her eyes met his with a straighter outlook than he had seen in them for a long time. She looked actually happy, and that look of happiness in a face on which death has set its seal has always something which suggests a life beyond the grave.

"The excitement of this marriage question has brightened you wonderfully, Mrs. Disney," he said. "We shall have you in high health by the wedding day."

"I am feeling better because I am so glad," Isola answered naively, putting her hand into Allegra's.

"I consider it positively insulting to me as a sister," exclaimed Allegra, bending down to kiss the too transparent hand—such a hand as she had seen in many a picture of dying saint in that city. "You are most unaffectionately rejoiced to get rid of me. I have evidently been a tyrannical nurse and a dull companion, and you breathe more freely at the prospect of release."

"You have been all that is dear and good," Isola answered softly. "And I shall feel dreadfully lonely without you; but it won't be for long. And I shall be so comforted by the knowledge that nothing can come between you and your life's happiness."

The two men came in from the loggia, bringing in the cool breath of night, perfumed with tobacco. Isola went to the piano and played one of those Adagios of Mozart's which came just within the limit of her modest powers, and which she played to perfection, all her soul in the long lingering phrases, the tender modulations, with their suggestions of shadowy cathedral aisles, and the smoke of incense in the deepening dusk of a vespers service. Those bits of Mozart, the slow movements from the Sonatas, an Agnus Dei, or an Ave Maria from one of the Masses, were Captain Hulbert's highest idea of music. He desired nothing grander or more scientific. The new learning of the Wagnerian school had no charm for him.

"If you ask me about modern composers, I am for Verdi and Gounod," he said. "For gaiety and charm, give me Auber, Rossini, and Boildieu—for pathos, Weber—for everything, Mozart. There you have the whole of my musical education."

The question of settlements was opened seriously between Martin Disney and his future brother-in-law, early on the following morning. Hulbert wanted to settle all the money he had in the world upon Allegra.

"She is ever so much wiser than I am," he said, "so she had better be my treasurer. My property is all in stocks and shares. My grandfather was fond of stock jobbing, and made some lucky investments which he settled upon my mother, with strict injunctions that they should not be meddled with by her trustees. My share of her fortune comes to a little over nine hundred a year. I came into possession of it when I came of age, and it is mine to dispose of as I like, trusts expired, trustees cleared off—in point of fact, both gone over to the majority, poor old souls, after having had many an anxious hour about those South American Railway bonds, and Suez Canal shares, which turned up trumps after all. I've telegraphed to the family lawyer for a schedule of the property, and when that comes, just tie it all up in as tight a knot as the law can tie, and let it belong to Allegra and her children after her. Consider me paid off."

Martin Disney laughed at his impetuosity, and told him that he should be allowed to bring so much and no more into settlement. Allegra's income was less than two hundred a year, a poor little income upon which she had fancied herself rich, so modest a woman's measure of independence as compared with man's. It would be for the lawyer to decide what proportion the husband's settlements should bear to the wife's income. Father

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY.

Rodwell had given Colonel Disney an introduction to a solicitor of high character, a man who had occupied an excellent position in London until a delicate chest induced him to seek a home in the South.

With this gentleman's aid, matters were soon put in train, and while the men were in the lawyer's office, the two women were choosing Allegra's wedding gown.

The young lady had exhibited a rare indifference upon the great trousseau question. She was not one of those girls whose finery is all external, and who hide rags and tatters under aesthetic coloring and picturesque gowns. She was too much of an artist to endure anything unseemly in her belongings, and her everyday clothes, just as they were, might have been exhibited like a Royal trousseau, without causing any other comment than, "How nice!" "What good taste!" "What exquisite needlework!"

The hands which painted such clever pictures were as skilled with the needle as with the brush, and Allegra had never considered that a vocation for art meant uselessness in every feminine industry. She had attended to her own wardrobe from the time she learnt plain sewing at her first school; and now as she and Isola looked over the ample array of underlinen, the pretty cambric pelmoids and neatly trimmed petticoats, they were both of one mind, that there was very little need of fuss or expenditure.

"I have plenty of summer frocks," said Allegra, "so really there is only my traveling gown to see about, that is to say, the gown I am to be married in."

"But you must have a real wedding gown all the same, a white satin gown, with lace and pearls," pleaded Isola. "When you go to dinner parties by and by you will be expected to look like a bride."

"Dinner parties! Oh, those are a long way off. We are not likely to be asked to any parties while we are wandering about Italy. I can get a gown when I go home."

(To be continued.)

Actresses in Wedlock

The town is preparing for a new sensation in the shape of a marriage between pretty Adelaide Prince and Mr. George Merritt, a well known man about town. To neither of the two will matrimony present unforeseen revelations; Miss Prince, as she chooses to call herself, takes her name from her first husband, H. D. Prince, from whom she is divorced, and Mr. Merritt is the divorced husband of Miss Augusta Shaack, a member of a good old Knickerbocker family. This makes the fourth prominent actress, who has graduated from Daly's Theater to the matrimonial altar.

It is over fifteen years since Clara Morris, who was Daly's leading lady, married Mr. Harriott, without leaving the stage. Elith Kingston did not follow her example; she left the boards when she became Mrs. George Gould. Then followed Miss Virginia Dreher, who accepted the hand of a rich New Yorker named Postlethwaite. And now Miss Prince joins the procession. Daly's is not the only theater from which wives graduate. It was from the vantage ground of the boards of the Union Square that Mrs. Smith, better known as Agnes Ebel, captured the millionaire Tracy of Buffalo. The lady who was for twenty years leading lady at Wallack's as Mrs. Russell and then Mrs. John Hovey, remained on the stage until the expressman made, or supposed he had made, a fortune, which she determined to enjoy at Long Branch. She was succeeded by Madeline Henriques, who left the stage to become the wife of Louis Jennings, editor of the New York Times. She was understood to be happy until her husband died. Another of Wallack's girls, pretty Annie Robe, married a millionaire, and has never been heard of in dramatic circles since. Poor Rose Coghlan was not so fortunate; her matrimonial voyage was short and sad.

With a few exceptions, such as Charlotte Cushman, who played men's parts so often that it may have become unnatural for her to receive masculine addresses, all the star actresses have married. Fanny Kemble married her little venture with cold-blooded Pierce Butler of South Carolina, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. Julia Dean took another Southerner to her bosom, Dr. Hayne, also of South Carolina, the son of the famous Robert Y. Hayne. He lived with her for several years, but they separated eventually. Matilda Heron, who was one of the best Camillees we ever had, married a German fiddler, who beat her and took her earnings till she divorced him. Ristori married a marquis from her own country; she made him a regular allowance and kept him in a cottage in the country, where he read the accounts of his wife's triumphs with becoming emotion. Modjeska married a Polish editor, a little wizened, dried-up chap, who acts as her business agent; they are believed to be happy. Adelaide Neilson was the wife of a British naval officer, of whom she disposed by divorce. Of all this list, the only actress who seems to

have battered her condition by matrimony was Modjeska.

Singers have been almost as unfortunate. Patti's tribulations with the French McAllister, the Marquis de Caux, are historic. Malibran's first husband, M. Malibran, of New York, was a French bankrupt, who proposed to live on her earnings without even professing gratitude for the support. Sontag had to support her husband, too; but she seems to have loved him, and he treated her tenderly. Lucca had to get a divorce from her Baron von Rohden. Christine Nilsson lost her first husband, who died in a mad-house; with her second, a Spaniard of rank, the Count de Casa Miranda, she is said to live happily. She is very fond of his daughter by his first marriage.

Among the happy marriages by actresses two or three recent cases may be quoted. One was the case of Margaret Mather, who married the millionaire brewer, Pabst; she is said to have renounced the stage and all its glories forever. Another was the pretty singer, Agnes Huntington, who, if she had remained on the stage, would have rendered Lillian Russell unnecessary; she married a Philadelphia lawyer named Cravath. She is a very sweet and charming woman. Mary Anderson, who had such a reputation as a refrigerator that she appeared to be destined to the fate of which Queen Elizabeth so oddly boasted, is reputed to be quite comfortable as the wife of the opulent Mr. Navarro. Whether Minnie Seligman has promoted her felicity by marrying a blue-blooded New Yorker six years younger than herself, public rumor doth not say.

As actresses are of the same paste as other women, they ought to incline to marriage like their sisters; and as, on the stage, they have far more opportunities of displaying their charms before the eyes of men, their opportunities should be more frequent than those which fall to the lot of the average girl. On general principles, they should be willing to marry, if only to emancipate themselves from the cruel bondage of a life which exacts unremitting toil from eleven in the morning till after midnight, and which denies them the pleasures of society and the quiet joys of private life. But a woman on the stage is paid so much attention which is inspired by base motives, and receives so many compliments which are obviously insincere, that her heart generally becomes hardened, and it is difficult to persuade her that a suitor is in earnest and means to act honestly by her. It may be added that a life on the stage, in which the performer is perpetually trying to be the thing which she is not, is not a good apprenticeship for matrimony. Nothing repels a man so much as doubts of the truthfulness of the woman to whom his fancy inclines. The French have a proverb that the woman who lies is lost; the graver sin will follow when opportunity offers. It is often difficult for an artist, whose professional success depends upon her success to lie plausibly, to adhere strictly to the line of veracity in private life.

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If there is no local dealer that will take the trouble to serve her in the way we suggest, we will place her in communication with one of our most reliable customers in some other place, who we can guarantee will be only too glad to give her every possible attention.

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MONTREAL

Perhaps this may account for the small proportion of marriages—or happy marriages—by actresses.—*Flanear, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graph logical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclaves unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GRACE DARLING.—I hope your club was a success; we use Cavediah in our disputed points. 2. Your writing shows culture, refinement, tenacity, sequence of ideas, perseverance, care for detail and discretion. You are constant, a little prejudiced, but love fair play.

INDIAN MAIDEN.—Your writing shows impulse, independent action, quick thought and a nature alive to impression. Your temper is rather quick, effort constant, and you have some facility. You are honest and honorable, and could be trusted with a secret.

NUVA MYRTLE.—You are warm in your likes and dislikes, fond of social intercourse, not very tactful nor sympathetic, and while honest and conscientious, neither artistic nor impressionable. Some energy and a tendency to undisciplined effort are yours.

DEXA.—Your writing shows rather a practical and matter-of-fact nature, somewhat smart and vivacious, rather impulsive, a little sharp-tongued, apt to stick to your point until you get what you want, lacking the soft touches of sympathy and tact, and very unlikely to accept criticism readily. You are one of the people who are full of coarseness.

BRISSET, Gerdich.—You see I am kinder to you, but not much. You are a social and good-hearted soul, not very experienced and lacking form and judgment. I am sure your faults will be cured by time. You are not brilliant, but are good and kind, and though rather self-assertive, extremely amiable. Pshaw—I can't delineate an unformed hand. Do wait until you develop what is in you, child!

CLOVER.—I will not study scraps. Therefore your enclosure goes into the W. P. B. 2. Your own writing shows a deliberate, peculiar and rather exasperating mind. You look to effect, are fond of admiration, and love praise. You are not sincere, but your nature is to wiggle. You exaggerate your virtues and waste your energies in unprofitable efforts. You lack snap and decision, and are easy-going, kind, fond of being entertained, and rather fond of a laugh. You have a bright imagination.

HYFALIA, Barrie.—1. This is another well worn *nom de plume*. I hope you have not confused yourself with some quite different one. 2. Your writing shows a broad and generous nature, not strikingly original, fond of ease, adaptable and discreet, very reliable and constant, slightly idealistic, very thorough, of steady purpose and conscientious method; a powerful character, probably fond of your kind, and apt to give a helping hand to those who need it; a person decidedly worthy of affection and respect.

A B C D, Etc.—All sorts of nice thoughts came into my mind as I looked at your study. You are so dainty in taste, so sensitive in sympathy and so sweetly comprehensive of the lighter phase of life; vivacity, refinement, artistic taste, truth and tenderness, sweet temper, good judgment, capacity of self-sacrifice and many ethereal and beautiful traits are yours. If you are a man, you're made of finer clay than most men; if a woman, you are just charming. Won't you please write and ask some of those endless questions you mention, just to let me see that writing again!

IRVING.—I don't know whether this is your *nom de plume*. If you didn't write a more legible one a year and two months ago, I might have called you anything, and you may not have recognized my interpretation of it. This study is dated January 16, and you give both your name and address. Perhaps by this sentence you will be able to identify the following: 2. Your writing shows some vivacity, a clever mind, but rather an airy and careless way of tackling life's problems. You are not hopeful, and in trial would probably despair. A generally hasty and careless judgment and an able but erratic method, warm affection and a liking for a soft corner are yours. You are kind, patient and deserve to be liked.

A Relic of the Past

Gen. Wooster, to whose memory a monument has recently been erected in Danbury, Conn., was killed at Ridgfield by an English bullet in 1777. The surgeon at the Danbury hospital, where the dying general was brought, probed his wounds and searched for the bullet in vain, and the ball still remained in the body when it was consigned to the grave. Seventy-seven years afterwards, as we learn from the New Haven Palladium, in 1854, when it was sought to remove the remains of Wooster, the exact spot of his interment was uncertain. Digging near the place where a few aged persons supposed the grave to have been, soon the skull and larger bones of a man were found. Then two bunches of mat-

ted wire were thrown out; they were the epaulets of the dead. Next was found a portion of a plume, and finally a lump of clay was tossed up, which, on being broken by the laborer, was discovered to contain the leaden bullet. This was conclusive proof of the identity of the remains. The bullet was known to be of English manufacture from its extraordinary size, being much larger than those used by the Americans. How little the soldier who sent the fatal messenger of death imagined that it would be held up to the gaze of a great concourse of people, and honored by them as a precious relic seventy-seven years afterwards. —*Texas Siftings.*

A Wise Father.

There is a household in this city where the father is sole administrator at present, the mother having gone away on a visit to some relatives for a short stay.

The neighbors have commented upon the order which reigns among the juveniles, who are in charge of a nurse, while the father is down at the office during business hours.

Discipline is maintained, however, by an intermediary—the telephone.

"Mr. Blank," the nurse says when the fatherly ear is turned on, "Willie says he is going out roller skating, and you know he has a cold."

"Send him to the telephone," commands Mr. Blank. "Is that you, Willie?"

"Yes, p-a-p-a."

"Do you want a jacketing when I come home to-night?"

"No, p-a-p-a."

"Then you stay in the house, sir, or you'll get one, sure."

Then Mr. Blank goes back to his desk and takes up a customer at the point where he dropped him.

The other children are disposed of in the same way, and unless the telephone wires are cut there will be no danger of any refractory child having its own way while papa rules the roost—not much. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Conductor Set at Naught by a Country Girl.

A conductor on one of the roads entering Indianapolis in giving a varied experience said:

"I remember one day that a large, fine-looking country girl got on my train at Pana, Ill., ticketed to Toledo, O. I noticed at once that she was unfamiliar with travel, and as our train arrived then in the old depot, which was in a very lonely place at that hour of the night and she would have to wait until 7 o'clock for the train East, I thought I would caution her before reaching Indianapolis to be careful about making new acquaintances. When we reached the city suburbs, in passing through the car taking up tickets I leaned over and in as gentle and courteous a manner as I know how, I said to her: 'Lady, your train does not leave for Toledo until seven o'clock; it is now three o'clock. When the train stops in the depot go to the ladies' waiting-room and remain there. You will be perfectly safe there until your train is ready to leave. Don't listen to what any back-driver or hotel-runner may say to you.'"

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may well be said of the Superior Medicine, the standard blood-purifier,

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Its long record assures you that what has cured others

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"She gave me a very sarcastic look and snapped out: 'My pap told me when I started not to talk to any man, and I don't like your looks a bit, anyway.'—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Rivals.

"Fred says he never believes a word you say." "It must be so. He has proposed five times."

The Ugly Heiress.

Fortune-teller—Your husband will be a poor man. Enquirer—How can you tell? Fortune-teller—Well, rich men don't marry for money.

Her Very Own.

Dyspepsia specialist (irritably)—But, madame, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given to you for? Female Patient (calmly)—They weren't given to me. I bought 'em.

A Delicate Touch.

Editor—How is the society reporter getting along at police headquarters? City Editor—First class; he wrote up an inquest to day, and gave the names of the jurors as "among the distinguished persons present."

Left.

Jack—Where's Sam? Tom—He proposed four times to Miss Majilton last night. She refused him, and he left town on the midnight train. Jack—Do you think he is going away on a trip? Did he have a bag with him? Tom—Yes. Two of them. One on each knee.

A Deep-Laid Scheme.

George—Who is that beautiful girl over there? Amelia—Why, George; that's a mirror—it's me! George—(blushing)—Yes; George!

The Deliberate Sex.

"I never saw nothing like woman," growled the cable-car conductor to the sympathetic company on the rear platform, as he rang to go ahead. "They'll stand on the sidewalk till the car stops and then expect you to wait till they walk out and climb aboard. A woman'd like you to hold your car all day for her."

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is apt to result in a difference of opinion, but all nurses agree that the only safe soap to use for the babies delicate skin is BABY'S OWN. See that you are not imposed upon by any of the imitations extant which you grocer may be dishonest enough to say "are just as good."

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - - Editor

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VOL. VI] TORONTO, MAY 20, 1893. [No. 26

The Drama.

DAN MCCARTHY'S popularity is as great as ever, judging from the enthusiastic reception he has received in Toronto. He is a clever actor and possesses to a nicety the power of understanding his audiences—their likes and dislikes. The story told in True Irish Hearts is as old as the everlasting hills and has been played again and again in Toronto, but it always draws a crowd; perhaps it is that an Irish play like the Irish character is such a strange medley of tragedy and comedy. McCarthy, who plays Lanty Langan, acts with his usual vivacity and gives several songs and jigs. He was well supported by Miss Kitty Coleman in the role of Kitty Biggs. The other members of the company who appeared to delight the audience most were Nagle Barry as the villain, Mat Mooney and Mr. Chas. Saunders as Rakish Paddy. The company is a strong one and the scenery is good, as it always is at Jacobs & Sparrow's.

Moore's Musee has a stronger list of attractions than usual in the circus hall this week. It includes Mlle. Burgess with her troop of trained birds, the Lucasies, who are described as white Moors from Madagascar and are musically inclined, and Signor Mutli's monkey, who is intelligent and well trained. Down in the theater Clivette gives a very clever act, which includes juggling, tambourine playing and silhouette work, which is very good indeed. The Kins-Ners are equilibrists, and the act is an extraordinary exhibition of equilibrist's work. Dan J. Hart appears in a tramp act, sings comic songs and gives vent to some queer sayings, besides playing a flute in good style. Delavoye and Fritz are two clowns, one appearing as a policeman, who jump through a wonderfully constructed shanty, hammer each other on the head, and otherwise exchange abuse for the benefit of the appreciative audience.

To wake up in the morning and find that one's house has been ransacked during the night and all the articles of value removed, is not a pleasant sensation to say the least. The *modus operandi* of the unseen caller has often been a matter of considerable speculation on the part of the unfortunate victim. In The Burglar, Gus Thomas' comedy-drama, there is an excellent opportunity to witness the burglar's methods, from his stealthy entrance with bull's eye lamp and jimmy in hand to his departure after discovery. One gets a good idea of a housebreaker's celerity in discovering valuables and the quickness displayed in reducing lengthy articles to a convenient size in order to more readily carry their plunder. Those who attend Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week will have their curiosity in this respect satisfied.

A number of well known local amateurs have undertaken to produce a play entitled Among the Breakers, on Tuesday evening, May 30, for which invitations are being issued at fifty cents each, and the proceeds are to be tendered in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. The cast, which numbers ten persons, are busily engaged rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Gerald Donaldson. A programme of dances to follow the play has been arranged. Mr. Herbert S. Hulme is the hon. secretary.

Joseph, that bright comedy, is to be at the Grand all next week and will undoubtedly draw crowded houses. No more popular attraction has been here all season than this. Those who missed it before should not again.

The Robin Hood Opera Company played a return engagement at the Academy of Music the first three nights of the week. This is a creditable company, and looking back over the attractions at the Academy during the season it takes rank as the best.

An Early Experience of Bishop Brooks

Dr. Edward Swasey, of this city, sends the following story, which relates to the boyhood of the late Bishop Brooks:

When a mere lad he with one of his brothers was sent on a short visit to his aunt, his father's only sister, on a well stocked farm in Maine.

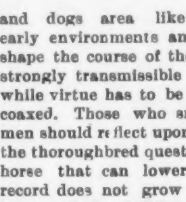
They both were making the most of their holiday and enjoying to the full measure every moment of their time. But at length Sunday morning came and with it the sound of church bells and the usual family preparations to attend church. But the boy Phil had suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he had betaken himself to. Diligent search was made, both through the house and through the barn, for him, but he did not appear. At last his mother looked under the bed in the guest's chamber (the least frequented chamber in a country house), and there she found the future bishop of Massachusetts. Poor boy! he had probably had some inkling of what the church service meant in those days in a Congregational country church, both as to duration and the length of the sermon. His little scheme to secure a forenoon out of doors rather than spend it shut up in church had been frustrated! He was brought into the light and taken to church.—Boston Gazette.

Toronto Kennel Club Show.



Mrs. Rattray's Jap.

MOST people love dogs. Those who do not probably respond to a prejudice conceived in early life against the canine race through the vicious habit of some beast that was not a dog at all, properly speaking, but only a mongrel cur. Men and dogs are like this, that their early environments and hereditary instincts shape the course of their existence. Vice is strongly transmissible in both dog and man, while virtue has to be nurtured, trained and coaxed. Those who sneer at lineage among men should reflect upon the various phases of the thoroughbred question among animals. A horse that can lower the world's trotting record does not grow by haphazard in the barn-yard of a shiftless farmer. If sometimes a fast animal does seem to drop from the clouds and light in an out-of-the-way place, it requires but small research to trace it back to some creditable dam or sire. In much the same way if a man magnificent, physically and intellectually, stands forth apparently without predecessors and not a thoroughbred, research



Mrs. Rattray's Jap.

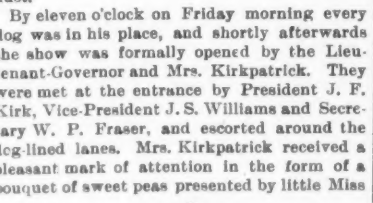
would probably disclose that he comes of creditable stock and fuses in his veins two or several strains of the best blood. The trouble is that no systematic purpose is held in view—no stock book maintained so that the influence of a strain of blood percolating here and there through the masses can be observed. But this talk is quite on the side.



Miss Mulock's Great Dane, Casino.

The Toronto Kennel Club's Bench Show last Friday and Saturday was the third held by that organization and easily ranks as the best so far. The appointments of the exhibition hall (the Granite Rink) were superior to anything seen at a dog show in Canada up to date, and the officers of the Club are being congratulated on all hands upon making the affair such an all-round triumph. Although over two hundred and fifty dogs were benched in the rink, yet the place looked and felt clean and wholesome to a degree. The building was beautifully arranged as regards the benching of the dogs, who were all in neat compartments of new pine and admirably located as to the various classes. The judges' rings in the center were very pretty to the fancier's eye with their clean carpeting of sawdust.

By eleven o'clock on Friday morning every dog was in his place, and shortly afterwards the show was formally opened by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. They were met at the entrance by President J. F. Kirk, Vice-President J. S. Williams and Secretary W. P. Fraser, and escorted around the dog-lined lanes. Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a pleasant mark of attention in the form of a bouquet of sweet peas presented by little Miss Kirk. During the afternoon and evening of Friday, fully seven hundred visitors attended the exhibition, and as many more turned out on Saturday. The second day's attendance would have far exceeded the first but for the rain, which militated seriously against the affair in the afternoon and spoiled it entirely in the evening. Among the visitors were noticed: Mr. William Mulock, M.P., and Miss Mulock, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mrs. Sam Nordheimer and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Miss Lucy McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald, Capt. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, the Misses Lee, Mr. and Miss Montizambert, Miss Emily Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser McDonald, Mrs. Arkle, Miss Irwin, Miss Susie Jones, Miss Pailin, the Misses Howard, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. C. Brough, Mr. H. J. Bethune, Mr. P. C. Goldingham, Mr. McIntyre, Judge Morson, Hon. A. M. Ross, Lieut. Col. Davidson, Mrs. Donald McKay, Miss Alice Sweetnam, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Merritt, Mr. D. O. Brooke, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Chadwick, the Misses Foy, Mr. A. B. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Dr. Scadding, the Misses Smart, Mr. John Drynan and the Misses Drynan, Mr. Robert and Miss



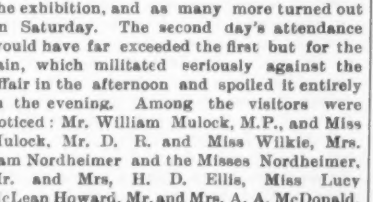
Miss Reid's Fritz.

R. Wright's Donald.



Miss Reid's Fritz.

R. Wright's Donald.



Miss Reid's Fritz.

R. Wright's Donald.



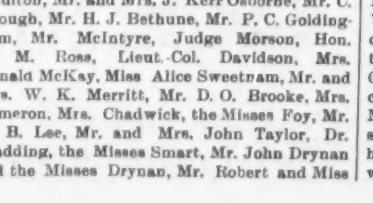
Miss Reid's Fritz.

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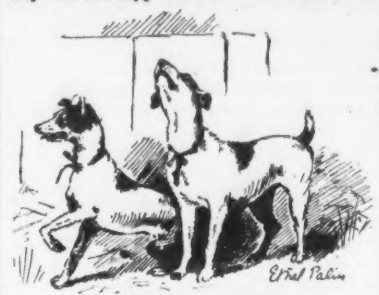


Miss Reid's Fritz.

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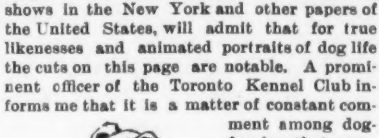
Gooderham, Rev. J. E. Starr, Dr. Aikens, Mr. and Mrs. John Massey, Mrs. Kerr, Dr. John Thorburn, Hon. J. C. Aikens, Mr. C. D. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, and many others who dogged in and out among the aisles with such enthusiasm that I could not get them on my little list.

The exhibitors and the general public will feel indebted to Miss Pailin, the talented young lady who has supplied the illustrations which



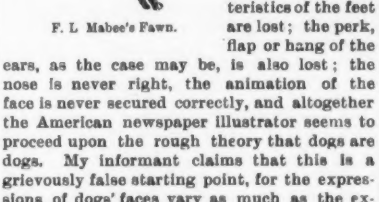
Two of Geo. Bell's Fox Terriers

enliven this article. She had made these sketches for her own amusement and for the gratification of her friends, but at the solicitation of the editor kindly placed her sketch book at our service. Those who have seen the very indifferent illustrations of kennel shows in the New York and other papers of the United States, will admit that for true likenesses and animated portraits of dog life the cuts on this page are notable. A prominent officer of the Toronto Kennel Club informs me that it is a matter of constant comment among dog-fanciers that newspaper illustrators on this side of the Atlantic entirely fall of giving sympathetic portraiture to dog pictures. The characteristics of the feet are lost; the perk, flap or hang of the



F. L. Mabey's Fawn.

ears, as the case may be, is also lost; the nose is never right, the animation of the face is never secured correctly, and altogether the American newspaper illustrator seems to proceed upon the rough theory that dogs are dogs. My informant claims that this is a grievously false starting point, for the expressions of dogs' faces vary as much as the expressions of men's faces, and it is a slovenly and faithless style of work that observes none of the details so apparent to fanciers. The dog deserves intelligent attention, for he is, of all animals, found by man the most companionable. Perhaps it would not be out of the way to here introduce an instance of canine devotion and concentration of purpose, as related by a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, more renowned for his gags and stories than for his paintings. He and another member of the



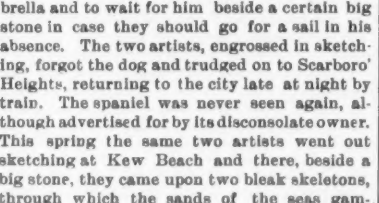
Collie—Finbury Dade.

Society were sketching down at Kew Beach two summers ago, a spaniel belonging to the other gentleman being present in a friendly and unprofessional capacity. Like every possessor of a good dog its owner boasted of its intelligence, and the animal looked gratefully at its master with an expression that said: "You are blowing about me, I know you are." To illustrate the animal's sagacity, its owner told it to go home and bring his umbrella and to wait for him beside a certain big stone in case they should go for a sail in his absence. The two artists, engrossed in sketching, forgot the dog and trudged on to Scarborough Heights, returning to the city late at night by train. The spaniel was never seen again, although advertised for by its disconsolate owner. This spring the same two artists went out sketching at Kew Beach and there, beside a big stone, they came upon two bleak skeletons, through which the sands of the seas gambled and the winds moaned dolorously. One was the skeleton of the dog, the other that of the artist's umbrella. The faithful creature had performed his errand, and who can tell the agonies of hunger and suspense endured as it lay there watching its shadow grow less and seeing the umbrella fade and vanish before its weakening eyes? The artist in telling this story says that in his mellow moods he sheds tears to think that it was his sceptical laugh,

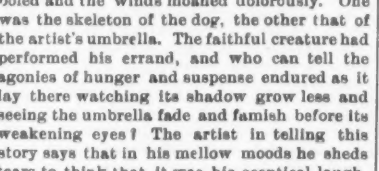


Collie—Finbury Dade.

his refusal to believe his friend's boastings about the dog that caused the animal to undertake and persevere in its fatal act of devotion. Instances not a whit less credible could be multiplied without limit, but this will suffice. But back we come to the show. Among the ladies whose dogs figured in the catalogue were: Miss Mulock, who in Cassino has a grand young Great Dane, bred by Senator Sanford of Hamilton; Miss Emily Pellatt, whose beautifully coated St. Bernard, Laddie, is her constant companion; Miss May Reid, Mrs. Emily Bethune, Miss S. Dickson, Mrs. John Webster, Miss Annie Davidson, Miss Lillias Parsons, Mrs. A. J. Rattray, Miss Minnie Murphy, Miss Maud H. Douglas, Miss M. F. Wedd and Miss Susie Smyth. One of the best competitions of the show was the special for the best terrier, which was won by Dr. Griffin's Champion Principio. A magnificent collie is Finbury Dade, owned by Messrs. Saunders and Mighton. The sketch shows him in a warlike mood, certain canines having addressed him in impudent language, which they were emboldened to do on observ-



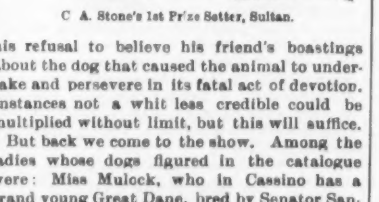
C. A. Stone's 1st Prize Setter, Sultan.



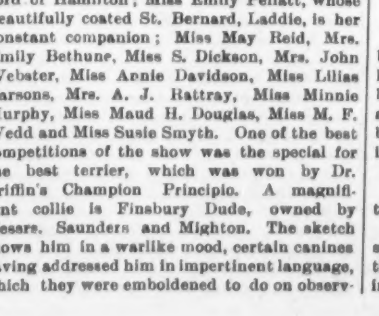
C. A. Stone's 1st Prize Setter, Sultan.



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C. A. Stone's 1st Prize Setter, Sultan.



C. A. Stone's 1st Prize Setter, Sultan.

ing the restraints which were imposed upon him. Full lists of the prize winners having already appeared in the daily papers it is unnecessary to give them here.

The judges of the day were: Spaniels, St. Bernards, mastiffs, great Danes, Newfoundlanders, greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, collies, all terriers, except fox terriers and toy spaniels, George Bell, Toronto; bulldogs, fox terriers, pugs and miscellaneous, A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; setters and pointers, John Maughan, Toronto, and E. Tinsley, Hamilton.

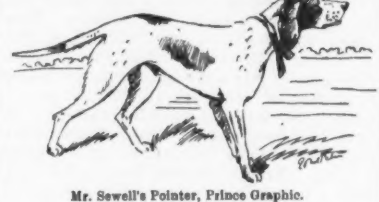
The Executive Committee, to whose untiring efforts is due the success of the show, is made up as follows: George B. Sweetnam, H. H. Donagan, F. H. Elmore, H. P. Thompson, J. O. Bennett, F. Habart, Librarian, F. L. Mabey, Solicitor, D. M. Robertson, B.A. Some of the credit should also go to Dr. Mole and Mr. C. A. Stone, and to Mr. Robert Wilson, who so cleverly arranged the benching.

The tail of this article may well be adorned by tacking on the latest dog story from Washington. When Kenna and Blackburn were in the Senate together they were great friends. They were also great sportsmen, as everyone knows. Each was the owner of a pointer, the relative merits of which they frequently engaged in discussing in the cloak-rooms of the Senate, much to the annoyance of their more staid colleagues. One day Kenna said to Blackburn, lighting a fresh cigar:

"Joe, you may talk as much as you like about your dog, but mine won't go out with me when the cartridges don't fit my gun."

An audible smile went around the room and everybody thought, "Well, for once Joe Blackburn has been beaten at his own game." The junior Senator from Kentucky, however, was equal to the occasion. He looked at Kenna for a minute and then quietly remarked:

"Well, Kenna, I admit that your dog ex-



Mr. Sewell's Pointer, Prince Graphic.

hibits an intelligence almost akin to reason, but I don't mind backing mine against him. I was in the fields one day with the dog, and a man I wasn't acquainted with came along near us. My dog pointed at him. I called to that dog, but nothing would induce him to move. So I went up to the stranger and said: "Sir, would you oblige me with your name?" "Certainly," replied the stranger, "my name is Partridge."

Without another word Kenna took Blackburn's arm and both disappeared in the direction of the Senate restaurant, followed by the shouts of their friends.

A Good Indian.

The old man had a head so bald that one looked over its entire surface in vain for sight of a single hair. I wasn't going to ask him any questions, but after we had chatted away on general subjects for an hour he suddenly said:

"Don't see many heads as bald as mine!" "That's a fact."

"Probably a case of typhoid fever?" "That would account for it."

"It would, but it don't, stranger. That head



is proof that an Injun has gratitude. Lots of folks contend that he hasn't, but I'm a living proof that they are wrong."

"I should like to hear your story."

"It's a short one. In the year 1867, out in Kansas, I found a wounded Injun in the bushes and took him home and cared for him till he was able to set out for home. He acted to me like a grateful man, but everybody said he'd even hate me the worse for what I'd done. About a year later I was out hunting cattle and was captured by Injuns. They were going to scalp and burn me, but the fellow I had saved turned up and prevented it. He was grateful and wanted to show it."

"And they didn't scalp you?"

"No."

"But how did you lose—"

"I'm coming to that. The feller saved me,



Dr. Griffin's Bull Terrier, ch. Principio.

but as I was a long ways from home and would likely meet other Injuns they pulled every last blade of grass out by the roots, so as not to offer any temptation. They thought I'd better be bald than be dead, and they were right about it."

"But—but—"

"There ain't no buts about it, stranger, or if there is, why—"

And he reached down into a lank, lean satchel and got hold of the butt end of something, and I took up my book and began reading again.—N. Y. Sun.

A Letter.

For Saturday Night.

Well, Dennis, old chap, many thanks for your letter. So happy in vain and so void of all cares, And to make it, my boy, even greater and better, The joy was enhanced as it came unawares!

So you say you're six feet in your sock, that your inches Are nothing compared to your fifteen in stomp, And that when you mount Bertram, the goral, he flinches; Why, Dennis, old chap, what a monster you've grown.

You've been hunting and shooting, fox hunting forever! What pen can its pleasures becomingly tell? A fig for the strictures of foreigners clever, Who dub us as "maxlacs chasing a smell!"

What sport is its peer, in the gray of the morning To center from covert with hearts beating high? What music can equal, despite of all scoring, The full-throated burst of a pack in full cry?

Ah, Dennis, we've poets who woo the fair muses And sorrow and sentiment lovingly court, We have poets in plenty assailing abuses, But where is the true-hearted poet of sports?

There's cricket, the game of all games in creation, The sport of the young and the sport of the old, A help to our powers on earth as a nation, The grandest, the brightest, the purest of gold.

We see them full well, the young stripling so tender, With leg like a drum-stick and neck like a wren, The tall and the short, and the broad and the slender, The granddad and corpulent father of ten.

And underdogs fresh from their reading or rowing, And swains from the village in harmony meet, All care to the winds, for the nonce they are throwing, Sworn friends on the sward if they pass in the street.

Can you still hear the laughter that greeted old Selkirk, The fastest of cricketers under the sun? How it seemed to re-echo across the broad walkin, When, wonder of wonders, he barked a run!

Those were days of delight, and tho' long since departed The pleasures of memory stay with us still, How we shot! how we rode! how exultant, light-hearted, We led the wild paper chase over the hill!

Yes, your letter has brought me right back thro' the mazes I've trod on my hurrying journey thro' life, And I see once again thro' the far-flying haze The scenes of our boyhood's gay frolic and strife.

But good bye, old fellow, however divided Our paths thro' the world and our future may be, May we ever by friendship of boyhood be aided And stretch hands of fellowship over the sea.

F. M. DELAFORCE.

Regrets.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis for my sake that she has died, And sad regrets will ever cling; The stormy winds that sweep me rave Will ever recollections bring.

The quiet night with awnings hush No peaceful slumber brings to me; My brooding mind resolves the past, And steepers my soul in misery.

Of what avail are these sad tears, When Love and Beauty sink to sleep? Perchance if I had loved her less I would not now my vigils keep.

Perchance if she had loved me less, I might have this and grief be spared; But I must bear the bitter blow, And wing the flight that I have dared.

Alas! I never can forget That fragrant, early summer morn, Her sinking heart with sad reproach, My leaving breast with anguish torn.

If I could bring her back to me And clear away these cloudy skies, My life would not be a desert, but Nor would I lack the love I prize.

But, ah! the morning gleams again, And memory deeper plants the blow; I must endure these anguish'd thoughts That mar the sunlight's cheering glow.

BRET KELLY.

To A Hospital Clock.

For Saturday Night.

In the hospital ward it hung on the wall And ticking and twinging this message it sang, And over and over the changes rang, Dying dead, dying dead.

Hidden in gloom when the shadows fell, Still hands crept on and the sands of life Ran down in beads so tired of strife, Dying dead, dying dead.

"I am no loss," said one, as he lay Watching the minutes to pass away, "Let me be still, to-day, to-day," Dying dead, dying dead.

"Will she have time? 'Tis near the hour When I have to go," Go slow, say low Dying dead, dying dead.

"I wish I were home," and weak hands fold To rest for aye in this deathly void, But glazed eyes turn to you as cold Dying dead, dying dead.

Ottawa, Ont. EDITH CARTER.

Robert.

A little head, set round with silken hair, A little face, so smiling, fresh and fair, A little forehead, rippling o'er with gold, A little story, short and quickly told.

The father's pet, the mother's pride and joy, The sunshine in the house, their golden boy, Core of their hearts and idol of their eyes, Their chiefest treasure, meet on earth they prize.

Clouded his brightness, ceased his mimic play, Rushed his tiny laughter, closed his opening day, Dimmed his clear eyes, quite stifled his baby breath, Cold his mute form, fast bound in rigid death.

A cherub he, lent for a few short hours, Then called back home to Heaven's immortal bowers, And we must weep, and humbly kiss the rod And give our borrowed treasure back—to God.

—Belford's Monthly.

Why Married Women Were Admitted.

An ancient legend tells us that the angel on guard at the door of Heaven was once asked by an inquisitive passer if more married or single women passed through.

"More married ones," he promptly answered. "Indeed!" said the questioner, who was a man, and who immediately began to plume himself. "Their husbands' virtues, of course, admitted them. That was right. The stronger should aid the weaker."

"No," replied the angel, "that is not the reason."

"Then, what is it?"

"Well, if you must know," said the angel confidentially, "we pass them first on their own merits; lots of 'em get through that way. Then, when we can't find any other recommendation for a married woman, it is written against her name, 'These are they which have come up out of great tribulation!' and the gates fly open."—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Between You and Me.

A RECENT London (England) paper draws a curious picture of a certain type of society young man, which it claims is growing more common than one would find agreeable, in this sensible and practical land. "He chatters feebly at afternoon teas," says his chronicler; "we all do that, however!" and inveighs against athletics, and unrefined and dangerous sports, such as cricket and football. He frequently affects a slight foreign accent, (French if he can manage it), and is very fond of flourishing his white hands, which he takes care to have perpetually manicured, and on which he displays a variety of rings. He often clasps bangles round his wrists, walks out in openwork stockings, and gloves with a dozen buttons, and laces himself in that his waist may be noticeable." How would you like him, Canadian girls?

It appears also that powder and rouge are as common on the toilet tables of some of the society beaux as on those of their sisters and sweethearts. The hairdressers say that lots of men bleach their hair, not to mention crimping and curling it, and also darken their eyebrows. Wouldn't you like to be one of these pretty things when his make-up was complete? At a recent first night performance a well known man about town, who had evidently been made pretty for the occasion, occupied a prominent seat. His mustache was curled, his eyebrows pencilled, and on each cheek a *soupeon* of rouge was artistically laid. He looked much the better for it, but rather stagey and false, and a certain consciousness seemed to betray him.

A correspondent asks me whether I think it is necessary to return all presents when an engagement is broken off. She has a pet canine to which she is much attached, and which was given her by an erstwhile fiance; while she prefers to return jewels, books, and other gifts, she wants to know if she is in duty bound to return the dog. Of course there is no reason why the dog should be hers, any more than the rings, lockets, opera glasses or fans which may represent the various stages of her fiance's devotion, but frankly I confess that in her place I should not want to give back the dog. Perhaps the wicked ex fiance might be cruel to it; perhaps he might tie a stone round its dear neck and chuck it into the Yonge street slip; he might take pleasure in letting it howl to be let in and out, and then cuff it for scratching the paint and varnish off his door. I don't believe I'd trust him with the dog, my dear. If your dog is as warm a friend to you as mine is, I am sure you won't give him up. Dogs are not to be catalogued with *bijouterie* and literary gems, dogs are, well—*dogs*—and one grows unreasonably fond of the dear, brown-eyed cheeky morsels, and while you may pack up gems and jewels with unmoved emotions, I don't believe you are called upon to punish your pet and yourself. Keep the dog, by all means.

English people are above all things conservative. Here in America we dread nothing so much as falling behind the times. We are eager for progress, earnest in search for better and brighter ideas on every subject under the sun, and sensitive to morbidity lest someone find us lagging along the upward march. That is why the dress reformer makes her harvest among us. We don't argue. We absorb, and without bothering about digestion or indigestion, swallow ideas whole. They still write gravely in England about the need of the corset to support the female frame, and assert that a well built woman without a corset is simply a sight. A new corset, The Invigorator, with straps crossing over the shoulders, receives praise from a leading medical journal and women will doubtless accept the praise, and further brace up with whalebone and jean, instead of muscles, when the Invigorator gets in its perfect work. Ah me! if they only felt once the comfort of holding themselves up, and the ease and added pleasure of living which nature unfettered can give, they wouldn't—no, they wouldn't—lay in a supply of so-called Invigorators.

I heard an argument one day lately upon the influence of surroundings, which waxed high and warm (the argument, not the surroundings), between her who preached the power of outer things to modify inner traits and her who said:

"A man's a man, for a' that, an' a' that." Both were right, both were wrong, for there are men and men, and even more so are there women and women. There are men whose observations, sympathy and receptiveness find a power for evil in a red and yellow carpet. There are women who become temporarily debased by the influence of a grimy window or a disordered breakfast table. There are men and women who suffer through neither. Fastidiousness is often self torture, but better self-torture than the obtuse dullness which says, "It's all the same," and so overlooks what is disagreeable to another. There is something finer than common in the nature which is alive to the sweetness of the early morning air, the tenderness of evening twilight, the thousand misty meanings of the cloud, the rain, the light, the shadows. Enjoyment comes a hundred times and wakes the chimes in such a soul, while the duller nature sleeps unheeding and the subtlest music of life floats by unawares.

And yet there is a cold-blooded insensibility which may befall for certain trial times, which we can deliberately and obstinately assume, if we are wise enough—which is horrible, but useful, in certain straits of poor humanity. There are times when one must not weep with them that weep, for instance, but rather harden oneself to help them best. There are moments when nothing but calm impassiveness is required, however unnatural it may be. Did you ever hold in your hand the hand of some stricken creature while the slow step, step of the bearers sounded as they carried away what was left of mortal love? Did you yield to outer influence just then? Not if you were wise. All of us who have stepped away from youth a little have had some such trial moments, and have instinctively hardened our hearts the better to help the mourner. Such hardening is not obtuseness; it is self renunciation, our mute offering to the stricken one whom we love and would fain serve, only we don't know how.

LADY GAY.

EPISODES OF THE RIEL REBELLION

THE BUILDING OF FORT BROOKE.

BY G. J. ASHWORTH.

THE Climbing up the Golden Stairs.
We built a Fort of Hay,
We built it in a day,
It stands upon the Touchwood Hill.
Fort Brooke we did it name,
And there it will remain,
As long as does the Touchwood Hill.

CHORUS—
Oh! hear those lads yelling,
To us it seems so shrill,
Oh! hear those Half-breeds shouting,
Climbing up the Touchwood Hill.
—Marching song of the 12th York, 1885.

THE left half battalion of the York-Simcoe provisional battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. W. E. O'Brien, M.P., who has since then gained the well known sobriquet of "Jesus Bill," from the stand he took as one of the leaders of the "Noble Thirteen," reached Fort Qu'Appelle on the afternoon of April 17, 1885, after a most fatiguing march of twenty miles through snow and mud reaching considerably above our ankles. We were joined a day or two afterwards by the right half battalion, who were under the command of Lieut.-Col. Richard Tyrwhitt, M.P., our acting senior major. Their delay was caused by a little excursion in the direction of Swift Current, during which they had tried to make a connection with the enemy, but unfortunately the said



LIEUT. COL. G. T. DENISON.

enemy, owing to unforeseen pressure of business, had been unable to accommodate them with a "scrap," and consequently they were not in the best of temper when they reached us without the expected supply of scalps. We, however, received the bedraggled heroes with open arms, the men falling on one another's necks by half companies and sections, while we officers, who had our dignity to preserve, felt none the less that it was an occasion for rejoicing and promptly adjourned to the only "hotel" to "smell a cork." They soon plucked up their former cheerfulness, however, on being assured by us that we were well supplied with provisions and had a very fair assortment of Indians and Half-breeds on tap.

I was attached to the York-Simcoe at that time as an acting lieutenant of No. 6 Company, which was made up from Yorkville and Seaton Village companies of the 12th York Rangers, both of the above places being at that time in the County of York, although now within the city limits. It was commanded by Capt. G. H. C. Brooke, who used to be, and for that matter is yet, a well known figure on the sunny side of King street when fashion and beauty give themselves (and their habiliments) an airing. He has since then, like myself, retired and is now practicing law in this city. He was somewhat of a military dandy in his way, but withal a good officer and a gallant gentleman. My fellow subaltern, Lieut. J. T. Symons, still sticks to the old 12th and is now captain of No. 8 Company.

At the time we reached the Fort affairs were in a most critical condition. A general rising of the Indians was momentarily expected, and as Fort Qu'Appelle was close to three large reserves, one of them governed by the notorious Pi-a-pot, and a considerable settlement of Half-breeds, who of course were in close sympathy and correspondence with their belligerent compatriots, it was a most important position.

"White's" troop of scouts were under canvas at a little distance from us, but as a rule very few of them were in camp, as they were engaged in poking round the neighboring country, presumably looking up news and scouting round among the settlers for rebels and square meals. We were reinforced on April 22 by the Winnipeg Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Knight, who were really a splendid-looking, soldierly lot of men, excellently mounted. On the 24th the Governor General's Body Guard marched in, under Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison, and on the 25th the Quebec Cavalry School corps, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull.

Col. Denison, being the senior officer in the garrison, took command of the whole brigade and measures were then concerted for the further strengthening of our position. Earthworks were thrown up, rifle pits dug, and among other precautions it was decided to establish a permanent post on the Touchwood trail towards Prince Albert for the protection of the stores depot which was being established at the top of the hill about two miles from camp. It is in connection with this Touchwood trail guard that the incidents that I am about to relate occurred.

The reason for the necessity of this somewhat isolated post was as follows: The hill was a tremendously steep and long one, as we often found to our cost when marching up it, and the transport wagons found difficulty in surmounting it with full loads, consequently it was thought advisable to make the top of the hill a starting point for a fresh lot of teams, thus requiring a new transport section. This scheme necessitated a depot at the top of the hill, which was accordingly formed and placed in charge of an official of the transport service,

who doubtless, if at sea, would have been called a supercargo, whose duties consisted of keeping track of the stores and incidentally consuming large quantities of tobacco. He had one or two assistants to do the work and at the same time to add an air of grandeur and responsibility to his otherwise peaceful position. The trio doubtless were well armed with Winchester and revolvers, but lacked the military fierceness of appearance which the scarlet coat is everywhere acknowledged to give to Britain's warlike sons. Shortly after its formation, reports were brought in that an attack was contemplated on this exposed position and measures were accordingly promptly taken for its more adequate protection by our prudent brigadier.

On the afternoon of the 25th of April a detail consisting of one captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, one corporal, a bugler and twenty-two rank and file, were ordered to parade in heavy marching order with one day's provisions for detachment duty. Our company was fixed upon to furnish the first guard, with Capt. Brooke in command and myself as subaltern. Lieut. Symons had left early that morning for the File Hills, with a detachment of one hundred men and twenty troopers of the Body Guard under Col. Tyrwhitt, to settle some horse-stealing troubles and overawe the discontented File Hills Indians by a show of force.

After having been supplied with reserve ammunition and duly inspected and found correct, we marched out early in the afternoon with as imposing a military appearance as we could command, with two troopers of the Winnipeg Cavalry, who were attached as scouts in front, and two large tea-kettles which were attached for the culinary purposes of war bringing up the rear—it is needless to say that the rear-guard was in command of the cook, the latter individual audibly suggesting the advisability of hitching the cavalry to what he facetiously termed the "canon." After exchanging civilities with the quarter guard, and smiles with the two waitresses of Fort Qu'Appelle's only "Hotel," which we were compelled to pass (alas) at close quarters, we crossed the river. The order was given to "march at ease," and pipe and song were brought into requisition to enliven the short but arduous march which lay before us.

After a pretty stiff climb we reached the "Depot," the appearance of which was by no means creditable to the architectural designing powers of the various gangs of teamsters who had respectively contributed to the ungainly-looking pile. Bales of compressed hay, bags of oats, boxes of hard tack, sides of bacon, and barrels of dried apples and sugar were scattered around in indescribable confusion over a space of several hundred feet square. Our instructions were to place the "depot" in a state of defence and order, and a sort of plan had been suggested by Colonel Denison for us to carry out. In accordance with these instructions, Captain Brooke, the sergeant and myself, leaving the detachment standing at ease in charge of the corporal, proceeded to select the site of our fort and draw up the plans and specifications for the building thereof.

We pitched on a slightly elevated plateau, about fifty yards from the trail, and sufficiently far from the nearest bush to insure us from an enemy creeping up too close and taking us unawares. By the time we had laid out the plan and driven in the necessary stakes for future guidance, the sun was getting low and we felt that there was no time to lose if we wished to get matters in proper shape that day. The order was accordingly given to pile arms and take off accoutrements, including tunics, and we all set to work with a will to build our fortification. Three sides of it were composed of bales of compressed hay in two tiers, with an interval of an inch or two between, the spring and yet compact nature of the material forming an excellent and almost, if not quite, bullet-proof defence. The fourth side was constructed of bales of oats laid lengthwise, with their mouths towards a possible enemy, in imitation, as one droll private remarked, of cannon.

By dint of hard and systematic work for a couple of hours, chaos began to disappear and our fort to assume most elegant proportions, or as the captain, who was given to ornate and

almost equal ardor. Many were suggested, but we all finally agreed on Fort "Brooke," notwithstanding the strenuous protests of that distinguished officer whose modesty was only equalled by his valor. After much argument he was at length persuaded to withdraw his opposition and take possession with a flourish of his sword. We wound up the meal by drinking a tin cup full of tea apiece to Fort Brooke with destruction to our enemies, adding as we generally did on all occasions The Girls We Left Behind Us to the toast. The above toast does not appear to read exactly as it sounded at the time, as it seems to convey a sentiment with regard to the fair sex which was by no means present in our manly breasts—at least not at that time.

The ceremony concluded, we proceeded to



HUDSON'S BAY FORT AND STORE, QU'APPELLE.

finish the work, and all hands worked so hard and in addition took such an intelligent interest in the job that before the twilight had waned everything was shipshape. Sentries were posted, reliefs told off, tents pitched, a fire lighted within the fort, and everything made snug for the night.

As we filled our pipes and assumed comfortable positions, the desire began to be expressed from all quarters that the enemy might only give Fort Brooke a trial. We felt that we were not particular how many of them came on (of course within reason), for we were so pleased with our arrangements for their reception that we felt it as a personal grievance that they didn't appear to rise to the occasion, bestir themselves, and give us a bite. The suggestion was even made that we send them word that



PI-A-POT, CHIEF OF THE CREE.

they were urgently wanted, but then the difficulty arose that we didn't exactly know where to find them. This difficulty, I may observe, bothered us more or less during the whole of the campaign, as the country was a fine large expanse and the walking was good. However, as darkness settled over the scene, we officers began to realize that if an enemy thought fit to attack in force we would have our work cut out for us, and decided to keep the men under arms till the moon rose, which would be about 11 p.m., in the meantime sending out a patrol every quarter of an hour to make the circuit of the sentries.

Just as the moon began to peep above the horizon one of the sentries reported that he had caught sight of a figure dodging round among the bushes about one hundred and fifty yards away; the other sentry on that side

skirting the edge of the scrub within a few yards. I considered at the time, and consider yet, that it was a very plucky thing to do, for by this time it was bright moonlight and a concealed enemy would have been able to pick them off to an almost dead certainty. On coming in they reported that they had not been shot, but added that the scrub was so thick and high that there might be any number concealed in it. This state of affairs was of the utmost importance to decide the matter in one way or the other so as to allow of the men getting some sleep, and the question arose as to what had better be done next. The council of war held by the captain and myself decided on a sally as the best means of drawing the badger, as it were, if there proved to be any

badger to draw. It was settled that our little missionary enterprise to the heathen should be composed of the sergeant and six men, with myself in command, having first discarded my regulation sword and accepted the loan of Brooke's "sporting buller" rifle, as I did not wish to scare the enemy too badly, and besides was not satisfied with the limited range of my exaltation. My instructions were to advance in extended order till within twenty-five yards of the scrub, and then rush it; in case an enemy was there to use my best judgment about advancing or retreating, but in case of the latter to clear the front as quickly as possible. This was all very imposing, and as I extended my squad under cover of the fort my pent-up excitement was intense, and all the men were loaded for bear.

We advanced twenty yards at a time until close to the scrub, when I gave the word and at it we went with a cheer, but the enemy weren't there, much to our disgust. They evidently had found out that they had some important business engagement elsewhere and consequently found themselves unable to keep their appointment with us. We were constrained to admit that this proceeding might be justified by them on the score of prudence, but considered it at the same time most unsportsmanlike, particularly as we had understood that they were in need of scalps and other anatomical curiosities of a similar nature, and we were prepared to supply a long felt want. After thoroughly raking the adjacent scenery for fifty yards or so in all directions, I decided to return to the fort and report everything quiet at the seat of war. But suddenly the idea struck me that perhaps they might after all be playing us some Indian trick, and be still hidden somewhere in the vicinity, in which case they would be sure to travel back as soon as we had left and be in a position to take us off our guard. So I directed Sergt. Foote to march the men back to the fort, while I would lie down quietly in a convenient patch of wild sage for a short time and in case they should come back I could catch them napping. Woe unto them, thinks I!

Accordingly I lay down quietly with rifle in hand and revolver handy, and for about ten minutes heard nothing. I figured that if anything was going to happen it was likely to turn up within the next few minutes, and redoubled my watchfulness accordingly. Just then c-r-rack went a branch in the bush, and almost simultaneously I heard a distinct rustling in the sage bush (which was about eighteen inches high), coming from a direction which I diagnosed as being about ten feet to my left front. I lost no time in putting my rifle, revolver and ears at full cock. Another rustle—this time to my right front—business was getting brisk. Rustle, rustle, rustle—this time, by thunder, it was behind me—and my hair straightway rose to the occasion. It struck me like a flash that I had been foolish enough to make a will before I had left home (I had nothing to leave, but that's neither here nor there), and this was the result. What for did I dare to tempt Providence by such an ill advised act? Oh, Lord! some more rustling. They must be there in dozens. D—n the lawyers anyhow! To think that I should have that infernal document rising up in judgment against me in the shape of forty or fifty painted heathens, with their claws reaching for my scalp, their ugly mouths puckered for a howl, four kinds of torture up every sleeve, and bloody murder in each boot. I could stand it no longer, I was a goner anyhow but felt that it was better to be killed or wounded than to turn up missing, so setting my teeth hard I laid down my rifle, gripped my revolver and prepared to spring up and have at least a couple of cracks at something before I hopped off the twig. Just at this critical moment in my affairs the rustling immediately in front of me redoubled—ah! ha! I'll have you anyhow, my friend!—when out rushed a couple of big jack rabbits chasing one another over the barrel of my rifle.

That settled it; I had had enough of it for one night. I had been nearly scared into an early grave by common "ornery" jack rabbits. It did not take me long to put everything down to half cock, including my hair. I felt that if I stayed there any longer I might have an encounter with a stray coyote or perhaps be worried in a bloody battle with a wandering skunk, and my nerve was gone. When I got back to the fort I did not report all the circumstances of my lonely watch, but simply said that the enemy had apparently gone for good and that rabbits seemed to be pretty thick thereabouts.



THE BUILDING OF FORT "BROOKE."

grandiloquent expressions, observed: We were giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. However, as Sergeant Jack Foote remarked, the local habitation was there all right, but we had not as yet chosen the name. As this was a matter of the first importance and would necessarily require consideration, and as in addition the cook just then reported supper ready, the order was given to strike work and investigate more closely the contents of the kettles than we had hitherto been able to do with our noses.

During the discussion of the meal, the discussion also of the name was carried on with

corroborated him but added that he had seen two or three. Hope now began to animate the breasts of all that the slippery beggars were going to give us a chance for glory after all, and every man sought his post. However, when a quarter of an hour had passed by without any further developments we began to get a little anxious, and fears began to be expressed that the enemy had unfortunately missed their way. Brooke then decided to send out our two cavalry scouts to make a reconnaissance, and accordingly these two brave troopers sallied out. Starting from opposite sides they galloped off at full speed,

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL
By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV. THE BURIED TREASURE.

The same sweet summer's day that saw Zacheus Webb weigh anchor for his last voyage saw Alan Keith and David his son sail into the still waters of Wilderness Creek.

It was on just such a day that Alan had first discovered the secret harbor.

Here it was once more, with its reflections of Demon's Rock, its sandy shores, its distant range of sheltering hills, and its weird and happy memories.

When David dropped the anchor of the smack Nautlius, which his father had bought at St. John's, the old man after contemplating the scene for some minutes could only remark, "It's very hot, David, for Labrador."

It was not a romantic observation. But as the leading incidents of Alan's life passed before him almost like a flash with this remarkable denouement—the return to Nasquapee and the harbor and the rendezvous of his band of patriots and freebooters—his mind seemed to find relief in the most prosaic observations.

"Is it?" said David's none the less commonplace reply.

"Maist as hot as Spain," said Alan, "and the silence of the place reminds me of Venice when I made excursions on the lagoons of the night time."

"It is very quiet," said David, "and very beautiful."

"I propose we just tek a drink, David," said the old man. "As for myself, I'll temporize the water with a nip o' whisky."

As he spoke Alan drew half a tumbler of water from a keg, sheltered from the sun in the stern of the boat. He filled up the vessel with whisky from a stone jar which was part of certain necessities of food and drink stored close by.

"Here's to ye!" said Alan, wiping his lips, and passing the jar to David.

"Water for me, father," said David. "I'll try your dew of the mountain later, when we smoke."

"As ye will," said Alan, restoring the jar to the hamper, and the horn tumbler with it. "Ye did nae think there was aught as fine as this i' these latitudes, eh?"

"As fine," said David, "but not as beautiful. Why, it might be one of the holiday lakes one hears about in your native Scotland."

"Eh, man, ye're right there; it's the salt o' country that gets into your brain, and I tell ye, my son, the story o' this harbor is to me something like a fable o' long and long ago, and yet at the minute when we run in here as if we'd oiled our keel it was like yesterday, w' all its strange and true happenings thick in my memory."

"Don't you think we might moor the smack to yonder piles?" said David.

"The thing I was gaen to see myself," David, if they'll hound. I remember John Preedie and Donald Nicol driving them, nigh on thirty years back," said Alan.

"They look strong enough for a ship, let alone a smack," said David, hauling up the anchor which he had previously dropped.

"Will you take an oar, father?"

Alan thrust a long oar into its rowlock, David taking up another and trying to use it as a pole to shove the boat and steer her at the same time.

Alan laughed, a rare habit with him; David hardly remembered when he had heard him laugh, though his smile was pleasant to see, and frequent.

"Ye might as well try to sound the Atlantic w' a marble spike. Man, it's a' but fathomless i' the middle; gradual as the shores shelve downwards they come to the same kind o' precipice as the tableland above the rock yonder, and then it's water below, just as it's sky above. Pull, noo, starboard; that's it, laddie; noo, sling your rope; that's got her!"

"Hold," said David, straining on the rope. "Why, the timber is as solid as the rock."

The smack lay as still as she had lain before, her keel breaking into the reflections of the noble face of Demon's Rock.

"Ye see the cairns yonder among the foothills o' the rock?" Alan asked, pointing across the sandy shore to the mountain.

"Yes," David replied, pulling on his rough jacket.

"The sand and the wind and the bit growth o' sea-thistles and the like has been vera usefu'—whae'd think o' questioning the sincerity o' tombstones on which Time has written such epitaphs!"

"They look grim and serious," said David.

"Laddie, they are grim and serious maist o' them—all except the three i' the middle—I call them the three graces—and the one to the north o' the row."

"How do you know one from the other—the real graves and the treasure casks?"

"How did I ken the channel that brought us here?" was Alan's reply.

David had asked his question in a non-committal enquiring spirit, more by way of saying something than with a view to question his father. He had it in his mind to prepare himself and his father for the breaking up of a wild illusion, the bursting of a bubble, the awakening from a dream, for he had never altogether even in his most sanguine moments accepted his father's account of the buried treasure as anything more than an unconscious exaggeration of some more or less trivial secret of hard-won savings, if not the baseless fancy of a mind distraught.

"David, I have dreamed myself shoutin' and dancin' if ever I lived to resurrect the three graces: I have thought o' myself as goin' just wild when the time should come that I stood here again, and it's only o' late as ye ken that I began to think o' ye by my side, my son, Hannah's child. What was had been the use of the goud and things w/out ye, David? And yet I used to dream about bein' here and gloatin' over it; but that mune 'a' been prophetic in a way, for it was surely ordained that I should find ye at last as I did. Eh, man, what a

meetin' it was! David, we'll consider oursel's His stewards."

David felt his doubts increase as his father went rambling on, never attempting to advance towards the pathetic-looking cemetery with its stones packed up originally into the shape of crosses, now crooked, fallen into odd forms, with gray bits of weed and lichen on them, and drifts of sand held together by marum or other wiry grasses, such as repeated here and there, weedy growths that reminded David of the dunes at Calster.

"I couldnae have believed that I should stand here sae calm and businesslike, as if the cairns o' Wilderness Creek and the mighty rock above them, to say naething about the cavern beyond, were the maist common-place things i' Nature. D'ye see the cavern, David? Ye'll imagine it's the entrance to a cathedral, man, when ye has passed the foothills and the cairns, sae grand is it; and it's away up above that I have stored the other bit o' money and scrip I tell ye of, and the wee bit huts and the rest."

David's imagination was touched with the lonely beauty of the scene, the strangeness of their visit, the rock towards which his father waved his long bony hand, a vast, solid, mighty stone, as it seemed with ridges cut into it and sharp ledges, and with a tall smooth crown contrasting in a striking way with the jagged peaks and points of the army of sentinels that took their orders, as it were, from the chief and went ranging along the coast for miles and miles, looking out to sea and at the same time peering up into the heavens.

"Shove off the gangway, David, my son," said Alan presently; "we might as well gaе ashore to our work i' comfort and i' order."

David made a gangway of one of the several planks that lay amidships with shovels, pick-axes, and other implements, carefully stored out of sight under a heavy tarpaulin.

"Noo, lad, the tools."

While David swung a couple of shovels over his shoulder, his father drew forth a blacksmith's hammer and an axe very much like the formidable weapon that Damian, the dwarf, had wielded with deadly effect upon the Anne of Dartmouth.

David was the first to step ashore. His were the only footprints to be seen, of either man, bird or animal: Millions of insects seemed to start up and carry the news from tiny hillock to tiny valley of the new and strange arrival.

Shouldering his axe and carrying the great hammer in his hand, Alan Keith followed his son. Their tall shadows climbed ahead as if to pioneer them to the little cemetery.

"Noo, lad, we'll need the trunk," said Alan, dropping his hammer and his axe.

David returned for a leather packing-case that had handles fore and aft.

Father and son carried it between them. A flight of birds dashed screaming from the cavern beneath Demon's Rock as they approached it. Alan started, David uttered an exclamation of surprise. The birds disappeared among the foothills.

"When it's dark and stormy," said Alan, proceeding on his way, "that's the sort o' sma' animal the sailors mistake for demons, and fiends, and the like."

"I don't wonder at the superstition," said David. "The sea must set in upon this coast with awful force in winter."

"It's just wonderfu' to me that we can stand talkin' here and Fortune w' both her hands full waitin' our pleasure," said Alan, contemplating the cairns.

"Yes, it is," David replied, half reluctant to begin, the idea of some great disillusion awaiting his father.

"Noo, lad, lay to," said Alan, beginning to shovel the sand away from the base of the pile of stones that covered the center grave; "tek the boulders off the top."

David inserted his pick into the interstices of the stones and then with a shovel began to clear away the sand and weed beneath.

His heart was beating with a hopeful anticipation that all his father had led him to count upon might come true. As he worked at the unsealing of the alleged horde of gold and silver, of lace and spice, and amber and precious stones, he thought of the great things Mildred might accomplish by way of fulfilling her ambition of charity and love; what he might see of the great world sailing round it for pleasure; what Peterick would say when he called on him at Yarmouth; what he might be permitted to do to smooth the last days of Zacheus Webb, little thinking that the old smackman had already on that very day solved the great mystery of all.

"Man," exclaimed Alan, suddenly breaking in upon David's work and reflections, "what if we have been forestalled?"

"What do you mean, father?" asked David, coming out of his first real unrestricted sensation of faith in the paternal promise of wealth.

"What if that man Bentz, or some other traitorous villain has been here before us and robbed ye of your inheritance?"

"I thought no one else knew of your store," said David, with a sickening doubt of the whole business. "You said they were all lost at sea when you were overborne by the weight and numbers of your enemy."

"All but one," said the old man; "all but the greatest villain i' the wide world!"

"Who was he?" David asked. "What was he?"

"Just the mist o' outrageous traitor and vile thief your imagination can conceive. But we are wastin' time, laddie; it's natural to have a stray doubt come into one's mind after sae many years, and when ye has got your hand on the handle o' the door, so to speak."

"I should say these stones have not been removed since they were first stacked here," said David. "If there was ever anything of value buried beneath them, depend upon it we shall find it."

"If I d'ye say, David? Weel, weel. I dinna wonder ye should doubt if I can doubt myself. Stand by and gie me shovel and pick; I'll

need the axe later on; mek nae doubt roots o' trees mixed up w' my ain particular bank up yonder."

David stood aside, wiping his hot face and preparing himself generally for the disappointment he had all along feared. His father went to work with a vigor that was remarkable for his years. He bent his back over the excavation, and flung out the sand in a continuous shower, sand and pebbles, sand and bits of straw, and sprigs of trees that had been packed with the sand to bind it.

"Laddie, I believe ye're reight; nae sacrilegious hands has been pottin' about the cemetery o' Wilderness Creek sin' the St. Dennis sailed out o' the harbor never to return," said Alan, pausing in his work to catch his breath and cheer his despondent son and comrade.

"I'm glad you think so, father," David answered.

"Gie me the pick, lad," said Alan, laying down his shovel and turning up his sleeves. Alan took the implement, and, swinging it above his head, brought it down upon the spot which he and David had partially cleared. The pick fell with a dull thud upon something that was neither sand nor rock.

"Stand by," he said, his eyes brightening. "stand by, David. It's a'reight, I'm thinking."

David took a step nearer to the old man, who once more brought his pick down upon the place he had struck before.

"It's there!" he exclaimed, as he drew the pick forth with a tug. "It's there! The shovel, laddie, the shovel!"

"Let me help you now," said David, handing his father the shovel.

Alan took no heed of the remark, but set to work again with unobtruded energy, only to pause when he was assured that at least the cask he had dug for was beneath his feet.

"It's the fresh air and the happiness ye has brought me that's made me young again," he said, as if answering the point of David's admiration of his father's strength. "My lad, I amna so auld that my sinews are unstrung, my muscles dried up; why, just noo I feel as if I were ainy beginning life, and I tell ye, I dinna mean to dee for many and many a year to come!"

"Let me help you," said David once more, wondering at the same time how even his strange and eccentric father could pause to boast in the midst of the exceptional work in which he was engaged, and with a vast prize or a terrible blank within reach of his hand.

"Shovel the stuff away frae the side o' the hole," Alan said, as he took up the pick once more, "and gie me elbow room."

David made the mouth of the excavation free from sand and stones, and Alan drove the pick once more into the obstruction that had gripped it. The result was a portion of the end of a cask. Another attack brought up a second piece, rotten and soft. Alan laid the two pieces of wood within arm's length of the hole, and then, lying prone by its side, thrust his right hand into it.

"The Frenchman's silver flagon, sure as fate!" he exclaimed, placing upon the bank a beautifully shaped jug, its gold arabesque shining out through the tarnish of the silver.

David could not speak. He stood with parted lips, watching the unearthing of the treasure.

"Man, I ken them a'! I remember Preedie cramming the last lot o' the bright and jeweled trinkets and what not into the top o' the cask. I've gotten hound o' the dagger the Frenchman said he'd looted w' a heap o' precious things frae a palace i' the East; nay, I dinna ken where. Here it is, and by the might o' bonnie Scotland, there's the same grand light blazing on the hilt that I remember as weel as if it were yesterday."

David stooped to take the dagger, and before he had looked at it out came a metal box, with the remark of the excavator, "Solid silver," followed by a chafing dish, and the remark, "Solid silver, with goud ornaments;" then a wooden box with seals upon it, with the remark, "Amber," to be succeeded by other packages and curios, handed out with the same lively running remarks. "A jeweled snuff box, otto of roses, a little idol made o' a great pearl, w' diamonds for eyes and a sapphire headpiece. Man! I remember them as if it was yesterday that the Frenchman bragged o' them as he got fuddled w' his red wine, which me and my crew could drink like water and never wink."

David shook himself to be sure that he was David; that he was not in bed at Yarmouth; and then he felt inclined to shout, "Father, forgive me; I thought you were mad."

"What d'ye think about it now?" Alan asked, looking up, his eyes ablaze, his face streaming with perspiration, his mouth wreathed in smiles.

"I cannot think," said David. "I want to dance."

"Then dance, lad! and I'll set ye the tune," he said; "here it is," and he handed David a small bag. "Press it to your heart, David, and dance like your great namesake who danced before the Laird; for ye has got a treasure now that Mildred can build her hospital w', and set a' her needy poor i' business from Calster to Goriemston; and ye can build the church we promised Father Lavello, i' the midst o' Heart's Content; and poor auld Alan Keith can raise a monument i' the forest to God's angel upon earth."

As he said these words he rose to his feet and David seized him by the hand.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I never thought it was quite true; not that I doubted your word, but it passed beyond all my hopes, and now I don't know how to contain myself."

"I'll sit me down," said Alan, "not here—I'll gae aboard; I'm feelin' a trifle tired, and a wee bit thoughtfu'. Eh, man, I only wish the comrades who stood here i' the past, and who helped store these things, were here to tek their share and divide w' me. Nay, nay, on second thoughts I dinna wish anything o' the kind, except, perhaps, i' the case o' Preedie and Donald Nicol—the others had just a' misapplied it. David, I dinna ken quite what I'm sayin'; I'll gae aboard and hae another wee drap to steady myself."

"But this bag, father," said David, still holding the small leather bag that his father had placed in his hands with so many exclamations as to its value. It was a soft, thick bag, drawn together with thongs of leather; it had once been sealed, but the wax was broken, and the thongs had been clumsily retied.

"Preedie understood a' about precious stones and the like, I couldna tell them frae glass for my part, but Preedie just loved to sit doon and finger these i' the bag, finger them and gloat over them, and he said they were worth a king's ransom; pearls, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, one o' the biggest diamonds to be re-cut, he said, and he talked o' Amsterdam, and dealers in stones, and cutters and the like, that wise I often wondered if he'd been i' the trade. Open the bag, David."

David undid the thongs and emptied a few of the stones into the palm of his hand.

"Not changed one bit," said Alan; "the same wonderfu' sky blue, the same blude red, the same glassy white w' ten thousand sparks in 'em—weel, David, what d'ye mek on 'em?"

"I should say they are all Mr. Preedie thought them; they are wonderful."

"A king's ransom he said they were worth. But gin there be ony mistake, why, there's a barrel o' English guineas and braw new shellins and Spanish coins, that'll make amends."

Alan went on board the smack. David watched him till he disappeared below. It was a small cabin, but there were two bunks in it, and the old man had evidently decided to lie down. David now began to think that Wilderness Creek might not be quite the secret place his father imagined. He suddenly felt the responsibility of wealth, and looked about him to be sure that he was not under the surveillance of some desperado. He thought of the description of the coast which the captain of the Morning Star had given him, and felt if his pistol was safe in his belt. Then he laid his jacket over the treasures that were lying on the ground, and putting the bag of precious stones beneath it, shoveled more of the sand from the mouth of the buried cask and cautiously dropped into it, stooping down and proceeding with the work of emptying it. He hauled out all kinds of packages, cups, ornaments, chalices, packets of lace, flasks bound in woven reeds and sealed with seals, and at last concluded that it would be wise to fill the leather trunk which his father had brought to carry the treasures on board.

After a while, looking towards the smack, he saw his father sitting calmly a'ndships smoking his chibouk. He waved his hand to the old man, who responded by raising his pipe and saluting with it as if it were a sword. Then David began to pack the trunk. He laid the dagger and all the boxes that were flat at the bottom, the quaint packages of laces, the well wrapped amber, the cups and chalices, the curious ornaments, a pair of jeweled belts heavy with gold and thick with rose diamonds that did not sparkle much but had a very grand and regal appearance. In a corner between soft packages and reed-wrapped flasks of perfumes and strange spices, he placed the bag of stones. To keep the whole fairly firm he filled the remainder of the trunk with sand and dry weed and debris of Old Time, of storm and stress, and heat and cold, and proceeded to drag the treasure to the smack.

"When ye has got your treasure," said Alan at night, as they sat in the little cabin after supper, "then comes the anxiety of guarding it. Considerin' that there is some kind o' law about treasure trove, we has got to be careful and discreet. It is true Preedie bought most o' the land hereabouts; it is true he has endowed ye with the same; I am not quite sure that his precautions bar what are ca'd the rights o' the crown; not that I have asked our friend Lawyer Margrave or anyone whether such rights has ony weight here i' Labrador, but ye will see the wisdom o' the wee bit furnace in which we might melt down sae coins and such silver as we may deem best to keep in logs, so to speak."

"I don't question your judgment in anything," said David, "and I think you are as wonderful as you are good; to have maintained your sanity and your purpose through such sufferings and sorrows as have fallen to your lot, is miraculous."

"Aye, it is a way, David, but I began w' an enormous constitution. My father and grandfather and every Keith I ever heard of, were a' mighty folk, soldiers and sailors, fighting men, w' tough sinews and big bones—"

"And big hearts," said David.

"Ye may say that," Alan replied, "and yet I left my ain father promising to go home, and I didnae gae home, and he died, and was buried w/out a hand o' mine to help lay him to rest; but he'd ha' forgiven me if he had seen your mother, David. But there, we munna waste time talkin' o' the past sae far away. We'll ship a cargo w' a convenient speed and tek it to St. John's; there's a cellar i' the house that'll keep the chest safe enough, and we can negotiate some o' the stones and things through your trustee, Mr. Margrave, who seems to be baith shrewd and reliable. I induced him to remain at St. John's sae lang as I might want him, and I made him tek a fee that was not out o' proportion w' any reasonable service I might require."

"It is a pity we could not trust anyone to help us," said David. "I am fearful of leaving the place."

"Ye neednae be," Alan replied. "Depend upon it, i' a' these years Wilderness Creek is just the lonely unvisited spot I found it when I was an adventurous young fellow, and I love w' your dear mother, who had often say she fear'd I didnae quite ken hoo dreadfu' the coast was hereabouts."

"You think it is best to sail home with this first portion of our cargo?"

"That's my opinion," said Alan. "Dinna put a' your eggs i' one basket: is a gude proverb. I had to disregard it when I was clearin' to defend the rebel flag as they ca'd it, though it's a grand flag enough noo in general estimation. Besides, laddie, we named a day to return, and dinna ye think Mildred will be anxious about ye?"

"Of course, of course," said David, whose thoughts were not wandering away from Mildred, while they were bent upon the treasures that were to be so great a boon to her as well as to himself.

"My idea is just to tek this first cargo clean home, the contents o' the one cask, and to mek two other trips, perhaps three. I have thought it a' out, David, mair than ye has, laddie, for the reason that ye has nae quite realized what we have been about until ye stood face to face w' the reality o' the romance I have been telling ye about a' this time. Dinna faeh yourself! lad;



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

Whenever You See
The name WALKER and photographs connected

You will be perfectly safe in making a B line for

147 Yonge Street
Walker's photos are the best

we'll land the treasure and convert it, niver fear."

"I hope so," said David.

"I am sure so," was Alan's quick reply. "To-morrow we'll land our furnace and set it up; it's sma' but it'll do a' we require, and ye shall blow the bellows, David, to the finest music ye has heard for many a year; and w' all due reverence we'll just worship at the altar that all the world worships at, but we'll melt our golden images to build hospitals w' and mek folks happy—ourselves among the rest, David, we are nae gaen to forget ourselves."

Night came down dark and silent, with here and there a star, and notwithstanding his anxieties, David slept so soundly that the sun had risen and his father was up and preparing breakfast before he awoke.

"Another glorious day," said Alan, as David rubbed his eyes and sat up in his bunk. "and yesterday is true! We are unearthing the treasure! Ye has come into your fortune. Noo, lad, up ye get and tek a swim i' the waters o' Wilderness Creek, where ye are monarch o' all ye survey—and mair, and much mair, David, my son—and God bless ye, lad!"

(To be Continued.)

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In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made
EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS
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YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tin, 5 lbs. and 6 lb. cans.

A Haunted Ranch.

"Stranger hereabouts, I reckon?" said the driver enquiringly, as he pulled up his horses on the plateau to get their wind, before beginning the descent into the gulch, through which the perilous mountain road ran in a narrow track of white dust fringed by wild sage brush and broken chaparral.

"Reckoned everybody knowed the story of Yates' ranch?"

I reminded the driver that for four years I had been in Europe and that this was my first trip overland to California. It was in '49, long before a Pullman car had been dreamed of, and while the great railway, which now stretches from sea to sea, was a magnificent scheme yet unborn in the busy brains of its projectors, who at that time were careless schoolboys, doubtless intent on tops and balls, and kites with stupendous tails.

Every traveler of that time knows the dismal track which had to be crossed in the overland journey—mostly on the backs of mules, but sometimes for a little distance on the top of lumbering coaches, every lurch of which seemed to wrench soul and body apart, to say nothing of the imminent risk of broken backs and necks by being hurled over some yawning precipice.

Yates' ranch was one of the very few human habitations we had passed during the last three days, but no smoke ascended from its chimney, and the wild mountain bushes grew on the doorstep. It was evidently uninhabited. For want of something better to say I had suggested as much to old Saunders, the driver. I knew by the expression on his face that there was a story. I passed my pipe to him. Nothing like the influence of good tobacco to loosen a man's tongue.

"Come, old fellow," said I, "let's hear the whole of it."

Saunders drew a meditative whiff or two and started his horses.

"Stiddy there, Digby," said he. "Whoa, Satan. Dnat the critter; he allers shies at that heap of stones, and no wonder, for, stranger, that's the grave of a murderer."

Here Saunders blew out a mouthful of smoke in my face, drew in his leaders, and regarded the distant snow-clad peaks of the Sierras with a contemplative eye.

"Reckon we'll have snow afore many days, stranger. The air shaves like a razor."

"But about the murderer's grave, old fellow?"

"Oh! ah! well, it's a niceish sort of a place for a feller of that kind to put himself under. Good lookout, if he should fancy to rise up and take a squint around. Saug, too, with bushes all around, and doosed handy to where she's buried, too, if that's any object."

Saunders took a slight pull at a flask which he carried in his pocket, and after tendering the vile-smelling thing to me and smiling with evident satisfaction at my refusal he began his story:

"Five years ago last June Tom Yates cum here from New York. His wife was along with him. None of yer second-class trash about them. Both of 'em was upper crust, clean through. The woman, she was as handsome as a picture, with a red on her cheeks that made a feller think of the clouds about sundown, and a flash in her eyes that no diamonds I ever seed could begin to hold a candle to. She was a reg'lar high-stepper—like that off leader there—just the kind of woman for women folks to hate like pizen and for men to go crazy over. She had piles of dresses and jewels, and I've seen her, dressed like a queen, cooking Yates' supper of hominy and venison and never losing her dignity a particle.

"Yates he was one of them quiet, still-tongued chaps that a body can't find out much about, but he loved his wife to distraction and couldn't skereerly bear her out of his sight. His eyes followed her all the time, and he'd fly to help her about anything he could do, jest as if he was her lover instead of her husband. And he was a mighty handy man about a house.

"He had a claim back there on that yer hill that we've just passed—a sort of a rich 'un, too; and as it was more'n he could work, he staked some of it off, and sold it out in lots to other parties, so that at one time there was quite a smartish little village round Yates' ranch.

"The dark, stormy night a couple of strangers rid up to the ranch and wanted to see Yates. I was laid up with the rheumatism, and was staying a few days at Yates', for he was a charitable fellow, and I had neither kith nor kin. I couldn't move hand nor foot for the cursed pain, but I could see and hear sharp enuff. The two strangers came in and throwed off their wet coats. Mrs. Yates she was stooping over the fire baking the bannocks for supper when they came in. She ris up slowly and looked at them!

"Never shall I forget the way that sunset red went out of her face. She growed as pale as a corpse, throwed her arms up in a wild, crazy way and started to rush out of the room. One of the men—the one she had been looking at—grabbed her by the arm savagely, and his voice sounded like the hiss of a rattlesnake.

"I have found you," said he. "And now, Elizabeth Osgood, I will have my revenge! False wife! heartless mother! you shall die!"

"He drew a pistol and pointed it at her head.

"Yates sprang upon him fiercely, but the woman laid her white hand on his arm and held him quiet while she spoke to the stranger.

"John Osgood," said she, in a cold, hard tone, that made my aching bones shake with terror, "I am no wife of yours! You won me by a lie! You told me that Tom was false—was married to another—and I, fool that I was, believed the words of a tongue which had never spoken anything but lies. And out of pique I married you. You know I hated you, for did I not tell you so? Afterward Tom came! I loved him! In heaven's sight I was his wife—what did I care how the world thought! I fled with him to this wild solitude and I will never leave him! You may kill me if you like—my corpse you can carry with you, but my living body—never!"

"How her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flamed with crimson! She looked like a glances; but she was a little woman, and as she stood there in her rage, her shining brown head would not have reached above my

shoulder. For a moment Osgood fell back, and I thought he was going to back out, but the next instant he sprang forward. Yates closed with him. There was a dreadful struggle. Both used knives, and the blood was red all over the floor.

"I groaned and cursed because I was obliged to lay there and not lift a finger, and the other man holding the woman. Yates was getting the better of Osgood, for he was a strong, wiry man, and he had a temper like a tiger. Osgood realized it, so did the other stranger.

"Curse him! shoot him, Osgood, and have done with it!" cried he.

"There was a sharp click of a pistol and the sound of the shot almost together, and Yates fell over in a heap on the floor. I knowed he was done for, and I shrieked like a fiend in my rage at being so helpless.

"I am finished, Lizzie," said the poor feller. "Good-bye, darling—good-bye!"

"She broke away from the man who held her, and flung herself on the dying Yates. I heard her words distinctly.

"Kill me, Tom!" she cried. "Quick, before he seizes me again! Your pistol—where is it? Here is my heart! Oh, Tom! Tom! thank heaven we shall die together!"

"Then the sharp report of a pistol was heard. I saw the smoke cloud for a moment Yates and his love, then his arms were round her and hers round him, and they were dead. Stranger, rheumatism was powerless to keep me there any longer. I leaped to my feet, and out into the night I went, rousing the miners from their beds and stirring them up to vengeance.

"Already Osgood and his friend were mounting their horses, but they never stirred ten steps from that ranch up yonder.

"In them days we didn't wait for no judges nor jurors. Before two hours had gone by we had Osgood snugly buried under the pile of rocks I showed ye, and t'other chap had been sot adrift as naked as he cum into the world and as good a coat of tar on him as could be spread. The feathers we had to leave out because we had none.

"I reckon some folks'll say that Osgood had a right to claim his wife, but we fellers didn't think so under the circumstances, and besides our blood was up, and there's no knowing what a miner'll do when that's the case.

"Yes, stranger, the ranch is haunted, and I couldn't drive them leaders of mine past there after dark if I was to whip 'em till they dropped. Hosses is nigh about human, stranger, and some of 'em a little beyond that. Whoa there, Digby! Stiddy now, Satan!"

Texas Siftings.

Showing Off.

A landed proprietor from the provinces put up at a hotel in Berlin. In course of conversation he asked the landlord how business was prospering. "Just middling," was the reply. "The fact is, the Berlin folks seem to have got no money left," said the visitor, as he produced his purse, from which he took two hundred-marknotes, folded them into a lighter, and lighted his cigar with it. The landlord and the company present looked on in mute astonishment. Meanwhile the hour of departure had arrived. Our country Cereus once more took out his purse, paid his bill, and counted over his bank-notes. It was now his turn to be astonished, for he found himself still in possession of a dozen hundred-mark "flash" notes, which he kept by him for the purpose of playing off his little joke; but he had burned the only two genuine notes he had with him.

He Was Alive.

Black Sammy is a noted boy in the Sunday school. His teacher one day was trying to make the class see the advantage of living a good life. These moral remarks were occasioned by a strong wad of chewed paper that happened to strike the benevolent superintendent on the cheek. Sammy was evidently the culprit, although his black skin showed no sign. "Now, children you must be better. Such actions as those tend to drag you downward, and if you do a bad deed once, the second time you do it more easily. It does not pay to be bad, for you can not go to heaven." Then Miss Goode straightened her glasses and looked into Sammy's shining eyes. "Sammy, what kind of boys go to heaven?" Sammy shuffled his feet. "Dead boys," he said.—Boston Budget.

A Scotch Doctor.

A hot-headed, warm-hearted physician was Dr. Dougal, who practiced in Scotland in the last part of the eighteenth century. One day a man, in an agony of pain, came into his drug shop and asked to have his tooth drawn. "Man, you're no needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and pit a poultice to it." An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out: "I duna suppose ye can draw teeth!" At this the doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your head!" he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the market square of Keith vainly shrieking for aid. He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his back and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot. The remarks of the doctor were always short and sharp, and yet they contained a deal of homely wisdom. "I've a deal to suffer with my een, doctor," said a patient. "Better suffer with them than without them!" replied the doctor. "Doctor," asked a talkative wife, "what's the matter wi' my tongue?" "Just needing a rest," replied the doctor soothingly.—Youth's Companion.

Whittlings.

The genuine ideal is as sexless as a ray of white light. Disaster is as often escaped through weakness as through strength. It must have been a masculine power that formed woman's heart for forgiveness. In greater need of an all-seeing eye than the proverbial falling sparrow stands the "white blackbird." Man is a remnant composed principally of sentiments and instincts left over from the last state of existence. Sex is like electric and magnetic agents—one

In its nature and in reality made effective by a divided double current and corresponding poles.

Only a man's—or shall we say a woman's—philosophy will enable her to bear the burden of humanity which her philosophy has imposed upon her.

If one to whom love is forbidden be too weak to love she will probably escape temptation and consequent disaster. If she be strong enough to love she may escape disaster but not temptation.

Though dishonesty may seem to flourish like the bay-tree while virtue standeth like a forbidding thorny hedge, it leeth plain to all that the shade of the one is obnoxious and its branches without fruit, while the pricks of the other do no hurt unless struck against.

Bismarck Again.

Two ill-mannered Livonian ladies were once seated at a table d'hôte dinner in a German hotel, and, feeling confident that no one else at the table was acquainted with the Livonian tongue, they conversed quite freely, criticizing their neighbors. Bismarck happened to be seated opposite to them, and he soon became aware that he was the special object of their attention; he knew that they were speaking Livonian. Among his friends at the university had been Count Kaiserlingk of Livonia, from whom he had picked up a few words of his native tongue, to which he had added two or three more when he was once making a hasty trip through Livonia. Turning to a gentleman beside him he said in a low tone: "If you hear me speak to you in a language which you do not understand, express no surprise, but just hand me a key." The gentleman nodded in assent. Dessert was now on the table, and having appeased their appetite the Livonian ladies were talking and laughing more recklessly than ever, when suddenly they heard the grim-looking gentleman who was seated opposite to them say to his neighbor in Livonian, "Doh! man to Azke," which, being interpreted, means, "Give me the key." This was too much for them, and without waiting to see whether the key was given or not, they rose from the table and fled from the room.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Smoothering the Way.

Jack Lever—You seem to shave as conscientiously as though you were performing a religious rite.

Jim Hickey—In this case it is only an act of mercy; I am going to call on Miss Darlington this evening.

So It Should.

"It seems to me that the government ought to pension all sons of veterans who were born since the war."

"Think of the risks the poor boys ran. If their fathers had been killed, they might never have been born."

He Felt Down in the Mouth.



If you are Bilious take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Misapplied Practice.

Buttons—No game to-day, sir! Doctor—No games, I did not kill a thing. Buttons—There was nine patients here to-day. You might better 'ave stayed home, sir.

Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored.

No Cause for Alarm.

Mr. Hobson Snobbs (of New York)—I—ah—believe hog-killing is one of your principal amusements here in Chicago.

Miss Lakeside—Have no fear, Mr. Snobbs. The mere fact of your being my father's guest will insure your safety.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.

Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillout, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

He Objected To That.

The lawyer was reading a draft of the proposed charter for a new corporation. "Read that part again," said the promoter. "Said corporation shall have power to sue and be sued."

Dodd's Pills Again.

KINGSTON, May 15.—Mr. L. Yott of Wolfe Island, opposite this city, has been cured by Dodd's kidney pills. It is a well known fact that Mr. Yott has been a sufferer for years from backache resulting from disordered kidneys, so much so that if in a standing position he should turn round suddenly the pain would take his breath away. In speaking of his case to Mr. Henry Wade, the druggist of this city, from whom he purchased the pills, he said: "I have been a sufferer for years from pains in the back and kidney disease. Have tried liniments, plasters, ointments and other remedies from doctors and druggists, but none of these remedies helped me in the least. Hearing Dodd's kidney pills so much talked of, gave them a trial, and as a result two boxes cured me. This cure is probably not as marvelous as many that have recently been made by Dodd's kidney pills, but it is creating considerable talk and comment among his friends and acquaintances here."

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

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JAMAICA 1891

A WISE PHYSICIAN

Prescribes Paine's Celery Compound!

THE LADY USED IT, AND NOW SAYS: "I AM QUITE WELL!"

It is the Great Remedy for all Dis-eased and Suffering People!

NO OTHER MEDICINE IN THE WORLD CAN DO ITS WORK!

Do Not be Misled by the Arguments of Dealers Who Have Something Else JUST AS GOOD!

The Public Have Here a Mighty Proof of the Efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound!

IT SAVES WHEN MEDICAL SKILL FAILS!



MRS. JOHN GLASSFORD.

Happy are they whom wisdom directs to that never-failing fount of health and new life, Paine's Celery Compound. It matters not how grave and serious the troubles may be; there is no need for despair if physicians fail and say: "Your case is beyond human power; it is hopeless." Thousands of such incurable (by physicians) cases have been taken up by Paine's Celery Compound and a new life brought to the weary and broken-down. No other medicine can claim such wondrous works; no other can produce the same honest proofs.

Mrs. John Glassford, of Chatham, Ont., is a well-known and estimable resident of that progressive town. Her cure is known to a host of people who consider it one of the most marvelous that ever came under their notice. Mrs. Glassford's physician in Chatham recommended the medicine that is curing thousands; mark well the result! Mrs. Glassford writes as follows:

"Three years ago I was under treatment for enlargement of the liver, and my physician was able to bring about a cure in due time. Soon after, however, I was called upon to attend my daughter through a very severe illness. The work and anxiety was too much for me in my weak condition. As a result of my over-work and intense anxiety I was thrown into a relapse of the worst form, and my nerves gave out, which made my case worse than ever before.

"My sufferings were sometimes terrible; no tongue or pen could ever tell what I had to pass through. I went to Detroit and consulted a doctor, but his treatment was not beneficial. Finally, after months of agony, my life despaired of, my physician here recommended as a last resort, Paine's Celery Compound. I am pleased to tell you that relief soon came after I had used this remedy—the greatest of all medicines in our country to-day for suffering humanity.

"I have been using the Compound about six months, and most of the time I am quite well; and I feel that by continuing its use for a further time I will be quite restored. I could not live a single month, I am sure, were it not for the Compound. I prize it as one of the greatest blessings ever given to humanity. "Our druggists, A. E. Pilkey & Co., have sold your remedy to scores of people here, from what has been seen and known of my case."

In Machinery Hall.

"Don't you think the noise here is very overpowering?"

"It doesn't seem so to me. I have just come from the Woman's Building."

For Nervous Diseases.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. F. G. Kelly, Alderton, W. T., says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night, and nervous diseases generally, and also in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice of the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

Little Aleck of Serbia, having read the riot act to the regency, should apply the same corrective discipline to his ex-royal parents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

IT CURES

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

It is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Music.



ONE of the most important musical events of this season was the concert of the Ladies' Choral Club which was held in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last. Notwithstanding wretched weather the hall was crowded to the doors, a fact which may be regarded as gratifying evidence of the popularity of Miss Hillary's choir of young ladies, and of the deep interest which has been felt for some time past in their first presentation of Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's cantata *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. A hearing of the cantata confirms the favorable opinion expressed in these columns several months ago concerning the beauty of the work, the cleverly conceived and dramatic treatment of the text of Longfellow's poem, and the scholarly attainments of the composer. The suggestion which was then made that the work might prove a more profitable investment for Mr. Fisher as well as a greater musical success were it scored for mixed voices, will bear emphasizing now that it has been heard to such excellent advantage in its original form. Much praise is certainly due to Miss Hillary and the members of her club for the admirable manner in which the many difficulties of the cantata were surmounted. If the dramatic possibilities of the music of the work were not brought out sufficiently strong at times, the fault lay in the absence of men's voices and not in lack of spirit or ability on the part of the club. In its present form the cantata is too difficult for an average ladies' chorus, hence its popularity will depend upon a second arrangement for mixed voices.

The opening prelude to the cantata is a very suggestive and cleverly constructed sketch, leading immediately in the opening chorus, which is one of the most effective numbers in the work. Mr. Fisher's dramatic instinct has found full play in the chorus, *Down Came the Storm*, the effect of which would of course be still further heightened were the accompaniment scored for full orchestra. One of the most cleverly conceived portions of the work is the chorus, *The Skipper He Blew*, which is admirably worked. The two principal solos, *Come Hither, My Little Daughter*, and *I Pray Thee*, are among the gems of the cantata. The difficult canon in four parts, *Then the Maiden*, was one of the most successful numbers of the evening, its smooth rendition furnishing further evidence of the painstaking work done by the ladies in their desire to give the cantata a worthy interpretation. A miscellaneous programme preceded and followed *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, including several gems of unaccompanied part-singing by the club, a duet by two young ladies of the choir, a solo by the popular directress, Miss Hillary, and a violin solo by Miss Katie Archer. The part-singing of the club in their miscellaneous selection was excellent, particularly effective being Gumbert's *Waltz Rende*, *Cheerfulness*. Miss Hillary was recalled after her solo and laden down with floral tributes. An artistic triumph was won by Miss Katie Archer in her violin solo, *DeBeriot's Concerto*. This young lady has developed a tone and technique which surprised the majority of her hearers. Nor was her style lacking in repose or in qualities, which many who have spent years in study fail to acquire. Miss Archer was enthusiastically encored, and responded by singing a selection well calculated to display an excellent cantabile. The accompaniments were splendidly played by Mrs. H. M. Blight and Miss S. E. Dallas, at the piano and organ respectively. A collection was taken during the evening on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children and the Nursing at Home Mission.

The second visit to Toronto of the Robin Hood Opera Company on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week at the Academy of Music attracted large audiences on each occasion. The remarkable success of De Koven's comic opera cannot fairly be ascribed to originality of much of the melodic matter of which the work is composed. Charges of wholesale plagiarism have been made against Mr. De Koven by American critics, some of whom have undertaken to prove that even the melody of the popular ballad *O Promise Me*, which has proven a gold mine for its composer, is taken almost note for note, with some slight changes in rhythm and general treatment, from an unfamiliar song of long ago. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that Mr. De Koven has treated his melodies, whether original or borrowed, in a singularly skillful manner, and what is more to the point, since this is what was probably aimed at more especially, has produced a popular success. Strong influences of Sullivan and Wagner are easily detected in portions of the work, one of the choruses being decidedly Sullivanesque, while the prelude to the forest scene betrays orchestral and melodic effects utilized by the Bayreuth master in the *Walkure* and *Siegfried* which Mr. De Koven has reproduced in a manner one would hardly have expected from the composer of *Robin Hood*, whose literary work does not indicate too ardent an admiration for the "music of the future." The opera as presented at the Academy this week was characterized by excellent staging, good acting and effective chorus and solo singing, the result being a general smoothness of performance which left little to be desired. Several of the choruses were re-demanded, the *Tinkers' Chorus* coming in for a quadruple encore. Among the soloists chief honors were won by Miss Caroline Hamilton as Maid Marian, whose attractive stage presence and spirited acting, added to a voice of excellent quality, which she uses to the best possible advantage, created a most favorable impression. Mr. Hallen Mostyn as Sheriff of Nottingham was irresistibly funny, singing and acting his part in an admirable manner. Mr. Peachy as Robin Hood was at times distressed by a part written somewhat beyond the compass of his voice, otherwise his work was satisfactory, as was Mr. Pearson's, who, as Will Scarlet, gained an enthusiastic



Mr. J. D. A. Tripp
The Pianist who will give his third and last Recital of this season at St. George's Hall, Elm Street, on Thursday Evening, May 25th.

encore for his solo in the second act. Taken as a whole the opera is deserving of the success it has won, and its presentation by the company who have just visited us is highly creditable and worthy of support.

Another successful musical evening was given at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week by piano pupils of Messrs. Torrington and Field, vocal pupils of Mr. H. W. Webster, and Miss Bookless, a violin pupil of Mr. Donville. Miss Gunther and Miss Helen Denistoun, pupils of Mr. Field, played respectively Field's Nocturne in B-flat, Haydn's Air Variations, and a Mendelssohn Song Without Words and Raff's La Filleuse, in each instance giving abundant evidence of natural talent and skilful instruction. The pianoforte solos of Miss Canniff and Miss McKinnon, pupils of the director, Mr. Torrington, were also excellently rendered, reflecting great credit upon themselves and their instructor. Miss Canniff played Schumann's beautiful *Aufschwung*, Miss McKinnon's number being Liszt's popular Nocturne No. 3. The vocal pupils were uniformly successful in their work, whether in solo or ensemble numbers. The vocal numbers included a trio by Walmsley which was rendered by Misses Rutherford, Hilliard and Vansickle, and Smart's *Queen of the Night* trio by Misses Jenkins and Vansickle, assisted by their instructor, Mr. Webster. Miss Bailey sang Millard's *Waiting* and Miss Jenkins sang Masenet's *Elegie* with violin obbligato by Miss Bookless. Concone's recitative and aria from *Judith* was rendered by Miss Hilliard, and Donizetti's *O huse di quest Anima* was contributed by Miss Rutherford. The concert throughout was an enjoyable one and was listened to with much pleasure by the large audience present.

I understand that the Toronto Orchestral School has secured a guarantee fund of \$1,000 for its operations next season, and that a system of examinations will be instituted having in view the higher artistic development of the organization. This is a move in the right direction and I am pleased to learn that suggestions which have been made, concerning the idea of examinations, are likely to be carried out. The last concert proved beyond a doubt that some such scheme is necessary. Notwithstanding the encouraging notices given this concert by the press of the city, it cannot be said that the work of the orchestra on this occasion was an advance on its achievements of last season, or of its first appearance this year. At least so I am informed by members of the School whose adhesion to the organization will depend upon a thorough system of grading such as is proposed. When this has been satisfactorily accomplished and a standard of technical proficiency demanded of would-be candidates for admission into the senior ranks of the School, we may expect results which shall compensate the conductor, Mr. Torrington, for his arduous labors to make the organization a success musically, and also reflect upon the secretary glory commensurate with his sacrifices. I have received the following letter from the secretary of the school, from which it would appear that Mr. Church's work previous to his taking up his residence in Toronto was not confined to Lindsay and Thorold, but included also Berlin, Ont., a fact of which I was unaware until the receipt of his letter.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the Toronto Orchestral School and the conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, allow me to thank you for favors extended to us through the columns of your paper during the season just closed, especially your favorable mention of Monday night's concert.

Referring to the personal reference to the secretary I cannot say more than: Verily, Berlin, Ont., Thorold and Lindsay bringeth forth great and original men. Again thanking you on behalf of the school,

Very sincerely yours,
S. T. CHURCH, Secretary.

One of the most artistic concerts ever given in the Carlton street Methodist church was that of last Monday evening, when the excellent choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron, assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette and Mr. George Fox, violinist, and Walter H. Robinson, tenor, presented a programme of universal interest. Under Mr. Cameron's direction the choir of this church has taken a place in the front rank of our local organizations. Their rendition of several exact-

ing oratorio choruses on this occasion called forth the hearty applause of the audience present. The singing of the Ladies' Quartette was marked by an excellent balance of parts and regard for expression and shading. Mr. George Fox, whose work I have had frequent occasion to comment on favorably, was in his best form and created a *furor* by his performance of Wienawski's *Valse Caprice*. All his numbers were encored and generously responded to. Solos were sung by Madame D'Auria and Miss Elith Miller, both of whom were enthusiastically received, as was Mr. Walter Robinson, who sang Prusni's *Queen of the Earth* in excellent style. The accompaniments throughout were played by Mr. W. H. Hewlett in his usual artistic manner.

An interesting entertainment was given in Broadway Hall last Monday evening, when the cantata *Meadowweet* was rendered by a class under the direction of Mr. H. W. Webster of the College of Music faculty. Among those who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were Misses Canniff, Taylor, Halliday, Hilliard, Kane, Rutherford, Vansickle, Mrs. Adamson and Harry Torrington. The cantata was followed by a miscellaneous programme, the evening as a whole being a most enjoyable one, the performance reflecting highest credit upon all concerned. A collection was taken up during the evening on behalf of the Children's Aid Society.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's third piano recital for this season, on May 25, of which mention was made last week, is to be held in St. George's Hall, Elm street, and not as before staged in the theater of the Normal School. Mr. Tripp will be assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette.

The demand for seats for the Orpheus Society's concert on May 23 is said to be unprecedented in the history of musical enterprise in this city. Already more than two thousand seats have been disposed of, thus guaranteeing a sum sufficient to cover all the expenses of the undertaking, which at one time was thought by many to be a hazardous venture. Preparations are being made to furnish and equip the Mutual street rink with every convenience for a satisfactory interpretation and hearing of the great work undertaken by the society, namely, Rossini's masterpiece, the opera of *William Tell*. The rehearsals, I am informed, indicate a satisfactory presentation of the work, both chorus and orchestra promising well.

The Philharmonic Society have also decided to engage an auditorium of sufficient size to warrant popular prices for their final concert in June, when the *Golden Legend*, Sir Arthur Sullivan's masterpiece, will be performed by a chorus of three hundred voices and an orchestra of sixty performers. Excellent solo talent is being secured. The concert will be under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

I have received from Mr. W. B. Barron of London, director of the London Conservatory of Music, a copy of a set of waltzes (*Leona Waltzes*) from his pen, published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association. Mr. Barron has succeeded in writing a very tuneful composition, particularly effective being the first waltz of the set.

Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, is announced to give a song recital in the Pavilion on Friday evening, June 2. The announcement will probably suffice to crowd the building to the doors.

MODERATO.

Pinching A Tiger's Tail.

"What's the matter with my hand?" repeated the man who was shorn of thumb and forefinger, and otherwise maimed. "I've had many a good surgeon look at it and ask the same question. The general idea is that I got it caught among cog-wheels or revolving knives but the fact is a tiger had hold of it for about fifteen seconds."

"Were you hunting tigers?"
"No. I was simply making a fool of myself. I was visiting the zoological gardens at Philadelphia about ten years ago, and among the animals was one of the largest tigers in captivity. It was a warm day, and he was sound asleep on the broad of his back, with his paws in the air. The end of his long tail stuck out of

the cage a bit, and I thought it would be a smart trick to pinch it and see the brute jump. None of the keepers were in sight, and the more I thought of the idea the smarter it appeared to me. I was only twenty years old then, and of course imagined that I was the smartest of smart Alecks."

"And you pinched, eh?"
"I did. The guard-rail was only two feet away from the cage, and after a good look around I reached over and nipped that tail with great heartiness. Something roared and something moved about five times as quick as a flash of lightning, and the first thing I knew the tiger had my hand in his mouth. He grabbed it before I could jerk it back, you see. As he growled and chewed he also pulled backwards, and but for a keeper coming up he would have pulled me up against the bars and got at me with his claws. He bit the thumb and finger clean off, and his fangs went right through from back to palm. The keeper pounded him loose with an iron bar just in time to save me, and it took about three years to get the hand in the shape you see it. The doctors threatened to amputate it at the wrist time and again."

"And you are satisfied?"
"Perfectly. A hundred tiger tails waiting to be pinched would be no temptation to me. I'm not one of the sort that want the earth. If you want to know how the old thing works drop into a zoo some day and do some pinching."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Monarch of All He Surveys

Everybody knows what the New York office boy is. He always comes from the east side and he always owns the office within a week after he has entered it. He has his own ideas about dignity, and it is useless to try to change or even to modify them. His manifestations of cussedness are various. The writer was in the law office of a friend the other day, when an elderly gentleman entered and addressed himself to the black-eyed office boy guarding the rail before the inner rooms.

"Is Mr. C— in?" asked the white-haired and venerable citizen.

"What's your name?" asked the boy coolly.

"I asked you if Mr. C— were in," said he of the old school reprovingly.

"What's your name?" repeated the autocratic youth, looking the other in the eye.

"That isn't what I came to tell you," answered the venerable caller. "I came to see if Mr. C— were in. That is what I asked you. That is what I want to know."

"Well, what's your name, then?" asked the boy placidly.

"He is in?" demanded the old man sternly.

"What's your name?" repeated the boy calmly.

The venerable citizen looked around and then gave a gesture of despair.

"I'm Mr. Brown," he said in a subdued voice.

"Well, you can't see him," said the czar of that office in a voice in which there was decision, but no trace of triumph.

"Why?" asked the conquered New Yorker.

"Because he's engaged."

"Well, take my name in and see if he won't see me."

"He's engaged."

"I don't care if he is. Take my name to him."

"Why not?"

"He's engaged."

"Well, young man, you can go into his private office and leave my card, can't you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Can't."

"Why not?" with great sternness.

"Because he's engaged on a case in Boston and won't be in town till to-morrow," and the boy began to question another visitor in the coolest of cool manners.—*New York Tribune.*

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returned from a two years' residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans von Bülow, in Frankfurt in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester Street.

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STUDIO AT KING ST. EAST ARTIST

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

Mrs. and Miss Bryan, Mr. Riddout, Miss Dupont and young ladies, Mr. Harrison, Dr. Scadding, Mr. and the Misses Martin and Mr. Strath.

The committee of the Royal Grenadier Assemblies have sent out invitations for a race meeting assembly, in the Pavilion, at the Horticultural Gardens, on the evening of Thursday, May 25.

Miss Gibson of Edinburgh is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gibson, Grange road.

Miss E. P. Scheak, the popular contralto of Broadway Tabernacle, left yesterday for a few weeks' travel in the Eastern Provinces.

Signor Delasco has arrived in Toronto after his Mexican trip, to take part in the concert of the Orpheus Society.

Erminie will be produced, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles, at the Grand Opera House, on Monday, May 29.

Toronto society was disturbed to hear of the death of Mr. Alexander Cameron, which took place at his Carlton street residence on Monday, after an illness of several months. The funeral ceremonies occurred on Wednesday, Rev. Canon DuMoulin officiating, and the St. James' choir being present at the residence sang several appropriate hymns with impressive results. The pall-bearers were: Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., Mr. Alexander Kirkwood, Judge Macdougall, Mr. Henry Cawthra, Mr. J. Gordon Brown, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, and Mr. John Scott. The chief mourners were: Mr. Alfred B. Cameron, a son; Mr. Thomas R. Lyon of Chicago, a son-in-law; and Mr. George Torrance, another son-in-law. Among the floral tributes were: An orchid wreath from Mrs. Cameron, a cross from Mr. Alfred B. Cameron, a sheaf of wheat and white roses from Mrs. Torrance, a star from Mr. H. Cartwright, a bunch of forget-me-nots and lilies from Miss Katie Torrance, a crescent of roses and carnations from Mr. John Curry, a large bunch of white calla lilies from Mrs. Lyon, a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Walker, together with numerous other floral offerings. Letters, telegrams and cables of condolence have been received from various places.

Mrs. J. Gray Gibson has returned from New York after a very pleasant visit.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra's At Home was postponed from May 16 until to-day, May 20, so that this afternoon Yeadon Hall will be the center of social attraction.

The Toronto Theatrical Club will present the two-act drama Among the Breakers, in Dawe's Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 30. The drama will be followed by dancing, and the proceeds will go to the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mr. James K. Campbell, a young Toronto man studying electricity at the World's Fair, has been appointed assistant electrician to the Exposition Electric Launch and Navigation Co., and was in charge of one of the launches that recently conveyed President Cleveland, the Duke of Veragua and other dignitaries on their tour through the Fair grounds.

At a meeting of Chesterfield Lodge, S.O.E., a pleasing presentation, which took the form of a large photo-engraving of Her Majesty the Queen, was made to the members of the lodge by Bro. Parker as a slight return for kindness received by him from them during his late protracted illness. The photograph, which was handsomely framed, represents the Queen in the robes which she wore on Jubilee Day. The W.P., Bro. Clay, accepted the gift on behalf of the lodge in a few well chosen words.

On Thursday evening of last week a new lodge of the Sons of England was inaugurated in the parlor in Shaftesbury Hall by the Supreme Grand President, Bro. Elliott of Bradford, assisted by other supreme grand lodge officers. The new lodge is named Lodge Cheltenham and is the thirty-fifth lodge of that order which exists in Toronto and its suburbs. The new lodge starts under very promising auspices, having nearly fifty members on its charter list. After the inaugural ceremonies were closed, speeches were delivered by the supreme grand officers and refreshments were served. Nearly two hundred brethren attended the opening meeting. Bro. Clatworthy is the new lodge's first W.P.

At St. Simon's church on Saturday afternoon a very pretty wedding occurred, it being the union of Miss Marion, daughter of Mr. George Grant Francis, to Mr. Charles Lambert Bath. Rev. Featherston Oslar, uncle of the bride, and Rev. Arthur Baldwin of All Saints' performed the ceremony. The bride's dress was a lovely duchess satin, exquisitely trimmed with lace; the veil was looped with orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Misses Chisholm, Hardy, Labatt, and little Misses Frances and Mary Oslar. Their gowns were white silk with large puffed sleeves of pink velvet. They wore picture hats of white chip, trimmed with white and pink roses, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Messrs. Hal Oslar, Clarence Bogart and Norman McCrae acted as groomsmen. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Oslar, Mr. and Mrs. Briton Oslar, Judge and Mrs. Oslar, the Misses Oslar, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Miss Moss, Mrs. and Miss Mullock, Mrs. Augustin Foy, Mrs. and Miss Skeay, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Brown, the Misses Street, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Fred Moffatt, Miss Connie Jarvis, Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoskin, Miss Hoskin, the Misses Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Misses Ferguson, Kingsmill, Seymour and Montisambert. Mr. and Mrs. Bath have gone to their home in Wales.

The annual picnic of the House of Providence will occur on the spacious grounds of that institution, Power street, on Queen's Birthday and will prove a most enjoyable affair. A pro-

gramme of games, sports and music has been arranged to cover the entire afternoon and evening, the star attraction being Clifford M. Calverley, the high wire walker, whose remarkable feats at Niagara Falls and elsewhere have made him famous. Calverley will perform at 2 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

St. Catharines.

The concert given in the Grand Opera on Monday evening, May 15, was a great success. A large and fashionable audience was present and thoroughly enjoyed the splendid programme presented. Mrs. Blight opened the programme with a beautifully rendered piano solo. This is Mrs. Blight's native place and St. Catharines people, who always take great interest in her, gave her a warm reception. Mr. Blight followed with a solo. He sang it well. He seems to improve all the time. An encore number was demanded. Then came Miss Dorset Birchall, who sang Eurydice (Gluck), and later in the evening, He was a Prince. Her singing was a revelation. This lady possesses one of the best contralto voices that Canada has ever produced. Her selections last night were sung very creditably and she was obliged to appear after each number. Mrs. Caldwell then sang Proch's air with variations. She was in very good voice, and the audience was dazzled by her wonderful execution and recalled her again and again. Harry Rich sang for the first time to St. Catharines audience last night, and took from the first. It is safe to say it will not be his last appearance. The second part of the programme was equally good, the same soloists taking part. The duets by Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Blight were thoroughly enjoyed. These two artists know how to sing and their voices blend perfectly. The concert was under the direction of Mr. H. E. Smyth, organist of St. George's church here.

Berlin.

Mrs. (Judge) La Course entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly at five o'clock tea on Thursday of last week at her beautiful home, Spruce Wood. The lawn looked lovely with its green sward and fine trees. Bermuda lilies and other plants were scattered round the drawing-rooms. The tea table was decorated with smilax and roses. Among the guests present were: Messdames J. King, Turnbull, Crawford, McDougall, Jaffray, Forsyth, Seagram, West, Rowe, Kranz, Springer, McArthur, Clement, Stabler, C. E. Hoffman, Grasett, Warren, Riddell, J. S. Hoffman, Colquhoun and V. Cooke. The young ladies who assisted at the tables were: Misses Bella King, McDougall, Ollie Hoffman, Jaffray and Campbell.

Barrie.

Mr. F. Y. Checkley returned last week from a trip to the West Indies. The Barrie Lawn Tennis Club met last week and elected officers for the present year. Mr. C. Durand of Toronto was in town last week making final arrangements for the unveiling of the Lount monument in Queen's park, Toronto. Mrs. Vansittart gave a very pleasant At Home a couple of weeks ago. Miss V. Major has returned from visiting friends in Toronto. Miss May Baker has returned from Toronto.

Enterprise.

In a certain cemetery, which shall be nameless, there is a gravestone with this inscription: "Mr. Charles Fiest will repose here; at present he is still alive, and carrying on the shoemaking business at 4144 Larrabee street."

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QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 24

GRAND PICNIC

In aid of the House of Providence, will take place in the House of Providence Grounds, POWER STREET.

A large array of amusements and attractions have been provided, including the engagement of CLIFFORD M.

CALVERLEY

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Who will give two of his clever and sensational exhibitions at Two and Half-past Eight.

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MRS. BEANK WACKELMAN (Contralto)
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An Independent Journal of Humor and Caricature. The sale will include the good will of the paper, the subscription lists and the amounts due for the subscriptions, the advertising contracts and the open accounts due for advertising. Terms of payment of purchase money are as follows: Ten per cent. at time of purchase, and the balance to be secured by approved notes in three equal payments at 3, 6 and 9 months, with 6 per cent. interest. The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Tender to be in sealed envelopes marked "Tender for Grip," and to be addressed and sent in to Edgar & Malone, Solicitors, Toronto Co. Buildings, corner Yonge and Colborne Streets, Toronto.

All information regarding circulation, subscription lists, advertising contracts and other matters will be supplied to intending purchasers on application to Mr. HOWELL, at the Grip Office, 301 Yonge Street.

For the Ball Room...

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chine, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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Varsity Chat.

FOR several weeks past this column has been conducted by proxies, but the "original" is at work again and trusts that to the close of his chat he will have as pleasant a task as previously.

A certain lonely feeling steals over the members of the graduating class as they look back on their four years of pleasant life in the college corridors. They are sorry to leave their friends, are sorry to be without them, but such things must be. Those of the years below wish the seniors all success in their struggle with fate in the world without.

Mr. R. S. Strath of the final year will be much missed, for he always took a studied and careful interest in all that pertained to college life. Though much pressed for time on account of outside work, he did not falter when a demand was made for his services, and with much success he for some months occupied the chief editorship of the college journal—the *Varsity*. The training and experience that came from doing outside work and being editor of a paper add much to the value of a college course, and Mr. Strath is fortunate indeed.

Professor Ramsay Wright has been elected President of the Canadian Institute.

Messrs. Coty and Fitzgerald, who gathered laurels last year as the battery of our baseball club and are this year doing good work for St. Michael's College, will play during July and August with the Dukes.

Examinations are in full swing and will be over on May 28. The papers throughout have been very fair and no complaint on that score has been made by the students of any department. An unusual number of cases of illness have occurred this year in the examination hall.

Verily the editor of a paper is long-suffering and patient. The good nature with which he sometimes allows space to be appropriated to the insane silliness of correspondents, is a shining example of Christian charity and will assuredly enable him to qualify for a double halo in the great hereafter. These reflections are called forth by a letter in a certain morning journal, bearing the bashfully modest signature of H. B. His communication is partly a condemnation of some recent disgraceful hazing proceedings in a Western American university, and partly an insinuation that similar events might perchance occur in our own halls of learning. Let him rest easy. Our women students are not bloodthirsty and none of them are open to any suspicion of a desire to pour vitriol over each other's necks and shoulders. They are, for the most part, rather demure maidens and seldom notice the presence of the intrusive males except by annually evincing a tolerably successful ambition to surpass them on the class lists.

Messrs. H. A. Massey, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Dr. W. T. Aikens, and S. F. Lazier, Q. C., of Hamilton, have been appointed members of the Victoria College Board of Regents.

Mr. Frank R. McNamara, B.A., a brilliant member of the class of '89, is about to seek a wider and more remunerative sphere for his talents and training in the United States. Born in the midst of books, Mr. McNamara early in life developed a taste for literature and long before he saw University College had read almost all that was standard in the Mechanics Institute of his town. During his first two years at the University he was a general proficiency scholarship man. He dropped out for two years and was for some time teacher of classics in an affiliated college. On his return to the University he took the work to the end of his course in the honor departments of classics, modern languages, mental and moral philosophy and civil polity. After graduating with high honors he attended the training institute, and upon securing a high school teacher's certificate subsequently taught a year in one of the high schools of the province. For the past two years he has been connected with the Toronto press. He goes to the United States with a wide knowledge of literature and Canadian affairs, with a training thorough and practical, and success should be his reward.

Mr. H. F. Gadsby, B.A., another member of the class of '89, is making for himself an excellent reputation as a newspaper writer. He was a classical man and has a most admirable command of language. He has spent some time on the Chicago press but is now in this city.

Previous to '89 few Varsity men were to be found in journalism, but things have changed, for several have taken to writing in the press, and not a few of them are advancing rapidly. Among the latter is Mr. J. F. Snetsinger, B.A., '89, who has recently been appointed city and news editor of one of the large morning papers in this city. The position is one of much responsibility and involves the exercise of faculties numerous. To be able to fill such a position well a man must not only be competent to write efficiently himself but also to judge if others are equal to the demands of the times. To these things must be added the alertness for news and the judgment necessary to make a proper choice. Mr. Snetsinger has shown himself equal to the requirements of such a position, and hence his promotion.

The Cricket Club has been making active preparation for the season's work. It is expected that a good showing will be made, the team being an unusually strong one. The following games have been definitely arranged for: East Toronto on May 22; Toronto June 1, and a return match on June 7, Trinity, June 2. Games will also be played with Galt, Rosedale, Upper Canada College and Hamilton. Of course the great event is the match with Trinity University, which is billed for June 2. This year both universities are putting strictly undergraduate teams in the field and it is anticipated that Toronto will score a win as Trinity has been weakened by the loss of some of their best players. A partial list of the Varsity team is: Messrs. Thomas Allison (Captain), H. Kingstone, C. Kingstone, J. D.

McLean, A. A. Bond, C. S. Wood, A. E. McLaughlin, J. Bain, H. C. Pope, J. Nicol and White. All the matches will be played on the lawn.

ADAM RUFUS.

Trinity Talk.

AT a meeting of the Corporation of the University, held on Wednesday, May 10, the principal business transacted was the disqualification of two students for impersonation in the recent examinations in the Faculty of Dentistry, and the recommending Rev. John Pearson of Holy Trinity, Toronto, for the degree of D.C.L.

A time table for the annual examination in the Faculty of Arts, beginning on June 8 next, was posted on approval on Monday, May 15. The "revised edition" should appear in a week's time. Meanwhile the registrar, poor man, is being besieged by anxious ones for whom the requisite changes have to be made.

Rev. J. H. Broughall, M. A., Fellow in Classics, leaves Trinity at the end of this academic year, his time expiring then. Mr. Broughall will be greatly missed in lecture room, campus and corridor. Not only is he an excellent classical scholar, but also a first-class cricketer, in which sphere the sporting men especially will feel his loss.

The first cricket match of the season was played between the New Fort eleven and Trinity second on the Garrison Common. The military men gave us a very good wicket, and Captain J. H. Chappell, having won the toss, sent the Trinity men to bat. Owing to the capital bowling of Corp. Cooper our men were retired for the comparatively small score of 39 runs, of which E. C. Cattanach contributed 16, and J. Young 9. The Fort men were not retired before they had rolled up 53 runs (33 of which were contributed by Corp. Cooper), thus winning the match by 14 runs.

On Saturday, May 13, the first eleven began their series with a match with Rosedale on the college campus. Rain, unfortunately, put an end to the game, Rosedale having scored 45 for 5 wickets.

The same afternoon the second eleven journeyed over the Don to try their fortunes with East Toronto Juniors. The East Toronto men were retired for the respectable score of 70, and our men had scored 13 for 1 wicket when Jupiter Pluvius put an end to everything.

The Cricket Committee have issued a very neat little schedule card, with college crest and names of officers of the Athletic Association on the cover and a complete list of the matches of both elevens on the inside.

Once again the sported oak, the silent corridors, the anxious faces, the subdued, sad, far-away voices betoken the near approach of something terrible. A hush has fallen upon Trinity. Don't be alarmed, kind reader; we are not ill; there's nobody dead; the fact is, you know, we're grinding now. We have chronic attacks; had one about this time last year, but we entirely recovered—for a whole year; now we've got 'em again. Nothing seems to do us any good, but we hope to be better soon. When we are, the chances are you'll hear from us. The various examination lists—faculties of medicine, pharmacy, dentistry and music—have been posted. The remaining two faculties of arts and law are examined in June.

The undergraduates of St. Hilda's gave a most enjoyable euchre party on Wednesday, May 10. A card from St. Hilda's invariably portends a delightful evening, and that for Wednesday proved no exception to the general rule.

The tennis courts are now in full running order. On a fine day—with both cricket nets in use—the campus dotted with white flannels and red blazers and the tennis courts with their complement of men, the whole scene is indeed attractive, and one can hardly tell at what time of the year Trinity is nicest.

The last day of receiving applications and fees for the June examinations was May 13.

RED AND BLACK.

Art and Artists.

THE spring exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was closed on Wednesday of last week, and most of the paintings on exhibition were sold in the evening by auction. Good prices were obtained for many of the smaller canvases.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid have gone to the World's Fair.

At the annual meeting of the O. S. A., held on Tuesday of last week, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Hon. president, Hon. G. W. Allan; president, M. Matthews; vice-president, F. M. Bell-Smith; auditor, J. A. Smith; secretary, R. F. Gagen.

Mr. O. P. Staples left for Chicago on Monday last to visit the World's Fair.

Several of the local artists are arranging for summer sketching classes.

We are glad to notice the remarks of a writer in one of our city journals in reference to out-of-door work. There is too much studio painting.

The exhibition at Miss Hemming's studio last week was largely attended.

Faith Fenton in the *Empire* recently had this to say: On my desk to-night stands a little photograph that carries me back to summer days and famous Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It is a copy of that old painting that hangs above the altar of the church of miracles—Lebrun's celebrated Immaculate Conception. I studied the picture long as I knelt before the altar rail of famed Ste. Anne's, while the priest passed busily from one kneeling votary to another, pressing the relic to eager lips, and between each ardent kiss brushing the moistened glass with a bit of delicate cambric. I came

A Seasonable Explanation.



Rural Customer—But are they not too wide in the legs? Lowenstein (reassuringly)—Hark, mein friend, I tell you somedings—a secret. Dose hoop-skirts for schentlemen vos going into style, and dose wide trousers are der latest fashion. (Whispering in his ear.) Dere is a sample pair of dose schents' hoop-skirts dat I schust received to-day from London.

back afterward for a second look at the painting of Ste. Anne and the white-robed young virgin kneeling beside her, while cherubic infants in trailing clouds of glory float about. It is called a miraculous painting, this altar-piece of Ste. Anne, because upon being removed from its present position in the old original building to a new chapel near at hand, it returned without touch of human hand or human aid to its original place—at least so the story goes. At the time of my visit to the shrine a lady was busily engaged, day after day, copying the fine old painting. Then it was photographed and offered thus for sale at the famous shrine. The lady who made the first copy was Miss Hemming, a Quebec artist who has quite recently settled in Toronto. I visited her studio one day this week and carried away with me this little photo, which she chanced to have in her possession. Miss Hemming proposes devoting herself to portrait painting. She has a variety of portraits in her studio, in oils, water colors and photo coloring, all of which prove her to be an adept in her art.

Would it not be a good idea to have a motion carried at the next meeting of the O.S.A. directing the secretary to furnish the city news, papers with an account of what is done at their meetings? Nearly all societies in the city have this attended to by their secretaries and the information thus furnished is reliable. At present the meetings are not open to outsiders, and it would no doubt be to the Society's interest to have an official report sent to each paper.

Mr. Sherwood has finished a fine portrait of John Burns, past president of the Commercial Travelers' Association, to be hung in their rooms.

F. E. G.

New Books and Magazines.

The book of the week is Nurse Elisia by G. Manville Fenn, just issued in paper cover by the Rose Publishing Company. It is the story of a nurse and a doctor around whom many other people move with animation. In the end it transpires that the nurse is not humble Elisia but aristocratic and wealthy Lady Cicely, who entered the hospital in order that, in caring for the suffering, she might forget the heart-ache left by a girlish infatuation for a bad man. One can see at a glance how so clever a novelist as Fenn could do wonders with such a plot. This book is on sale at John P. McKenna's, Yonge street, near King.

The *Rogues' Gallery* is the name of a new weekly in town, with the exposure of fakes and the apprehension of rascals as its object.

It is rumored on the streets that Mr. Van Allen has secured the *Lake Magazine* and Mr. Osgoodby the *Dominion Illustrated*.

REVIEWER.

A New College Medal.

Marietta College, at Marietta, O., will award at the June commencement this year something new in college medals. There are four of these medals, one for each class, and they are to go as each is inscribed, to "The Best All-Round Fellow," who that is being determined by a vote of the class and the faculty, the faculty practically holding the balance of power in each class. The best all-round fellow is to be considered as a man in all the term implies, at least so far as may be arrived at at the age of the average student. He is to be of fair standing in his class, to be affable, polite, unselfish, considerate, careful, sober, industrious, intelligent, honest, clean—in other words, a gentleman. He is not necessarily to be a popular young man, for popularity is not always the result of the manifold qualities. The idea of such a medal is to improve the esprit du corps of the college and raise students above the mere standard of book proficiency. In addition to these class medals, one is to be awarded each year after 1893 to the graduating senior, who will be decided by a vote of all the classes to be the representative man of the college. These medals are of gold, perfectly square, each hung to a bow bearing the grade of the class and inscribed as before stated, "The Best All-Round Fellow."

The medals are given by Mr. W. J. Lampton of the *Free Press*, who left Marietta College at the close of his sophomore year, and who has since had the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by the college. Mr. Lampton has been a newspaper man long enough to know that something greater than "book

learning" is required to make a man the kind of man he ought to be.—*Detroit Free Press*.

She Was a Widow.

It was at a circus in a North Carolina town. The performance had begun, when a little old woman wearing a poke bonnet, white cotton gloves, and a blue calico dress stepped up to the ticket wagon, laid down twenty-five cents and held out her hand for a ticket.

"Fifty cents, ma'am," said the wagon man. "I'm a widder," she replied. "Can't help that." "Bin a widder fur thirteen years." "Yes, but the price of a ticket is fifty cents." "Buried two children sense I was a widder." "That makes no difference." She picked up her twenty-five cents and took a walk around and stopped at the wagon again to hand it up and say: "Gim' me a ticket to the show." "Fifty cents, ma'am," replied the man. "But I'm a widder." "You told me that before, but we make no discount to widows."

"They never pass the contribushun box to me in church 'cause I'm a widder. Bin a widder fur thirteen years."

"Well, you couldn't buy a ticket for twenty-five cents if you had been a widow for thirty years," he said as he turned away.

She picked up her two bits and traveled around the circus tent and stopped at the wagon for the third time.

"Ticket fur a widder," she said as she handed up her twenty-five cents.

"Look here, ma'am!" shouted the man, "haven't I told you that the price was fifty cents, and that you couldn't buy a ticket for less?"

"Bin a widder fur thirteen years," she calmly replied.

"I don't care if you have been a widow from the cradle up! Don't bother me any more!"

She took her money and went off in the direction of the side show, where the fat boy was on exhibition, and I entered the circus tent. I had not been seated over five minutes when something from beneath the seats pulled at my leg and a voice whispered:

"Stranger, hitch along to the left and give a widder a show!"

I not only hitched, but assisted the little old woman in the poke bonnet to climb up beside me. When she had got her breath, I asked:

"Did the man sell you a ticket for two bits?"

"No. He got no compassion on widwers."

"Then how did you get in?"

"Same as I always do. Bin a widder for thirteen years, and I've crawled under the canvas twelve seasons. Do yo' un feel like buyin' a lone widder a glass of that air lemonade?"

—*New York Sun*.

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Love in Nippon

Continued from Page Two.

early, after a disturbed sleep, and as I was looking out of my room with sad, uneasy heart, over the shorn orchard, whose majestic robes of only the day before now lay bespattered over the muddy ground, the old nurse startled me from behind. As I turned around she handed me a sealed note, and was gone in a minute. I remember her face was deathly pale and her hands shook. The note read: "With an extreme regret, both my father and myself learn that you are an advocate of the foreign-intercourse policy, and also that Professor Yokone intends denouncing you to the authorities as soon as he is well enough to come out, which may be to-morrow. I dare not believe all, but it will be for your own good if you will leave here immediately on receipt of this note." It was signed by Miyo!

"I read it and my heart throbbed wildly. I read it over again, and tore it into shreds. As I recall the occasion, I see before me now my own face, hot white, quivering and twitching, and the bloodshot eyes standing on their ends! I stood there on the edge of my room rigid, but trembling—the joys of yesterday suddenly quenched, and the cherished dreams of the future cruelly crushed in the wild awaking of the present! The storm of angry despair, of thrilling revenge, of blind fury, came surging up, but went. For in a few moments I said quietly to myself: 'Poor, innocent girl! If she finds a devil in me, I should not blame her. Wiser than she would any moment send me up the cross if only they knew my sympathies and opinions. But the time has not yet come for me; I shall yet a while bow to fate in ignominy.' But I was certain that the time was coming. I calmly made up my little portmanteau and walked out of Mr. Hori's house, without bidding a word of farewell to anybody, which I could not according to the tenor of that evictory document. They must, I thought, have been glad to get rid of me. And I wended my way lost in the clamor of jarring thoughts within me—hardly conscious of where I was going.

"Vigilance was severe in Yedo at that time, but, with its ins and outs of strangers who daily lost their individuality in the mighty waves of its swarming population, there was more safety there than anywhere else for a person of my circumstances, though the risks were no less. It was this thought, I suppose, which led me eastward out of that little town of Yaita that gloomy morning, and found me the next eve buying a passage on the boat bound from Sekiya to Yedo. The boat took us safely down the river through the night, and about noon the next day we found ourselves at the foot of Ohashi, Yedo. The passengers were soon lost in different directions, among the moving crowds of the great city. I was tired and wanted a rest. I started toward Bakurocho, the street of hotels. I had gone hardly ten yards when a familiar voice called to me, 'Sensei' (master), and there stood Taro on my left! 'I could scarcely believe my own senses. Subduing my excitement, I asked him what brought him out here, how he was, where he was bound, etc. He simply said: 'I am going to follow you wherever you go.' I said that was very unreasonable. His only reply was: 'Please, master, take me to a quiet place; you are drawing a crowd around us.' He was right; the Yedo people, always keened for anything unusual, could not fail to see something curious in the contrast between my handsome pupil, in his North-country attire, and me, a wandering samurai with a smudge of Southern air about me. This was very undesirable. I beckoned to Taro, and in silence we hurried to Bakurocho.

"Once landed in a secluded room in a hotel, he produced to me a letter. It was from Miyo again. There was a strangely forced calmness on Taro's face as he watched me run over the lines which made me see poor Miyo prostrating herself in deep grief, asking me my forgiveness for her last note, and pleading that it was a mortal sacrifice on her part to send me away, but that she thought it was for my sake. I suppressed my tears, in the presence of her brother as I was. I read on, and soon came to where it said: 'Taro wishes to see the world. He is determined. He has confided to me his whole heart, and his sister has taken all the responsibilities to his parents upon herself. He is young, but Taro is a noble youth.' She asked me to take Taro as a servant for her sake—for the sake of her pure love, which will ever be true to me!

"I read through the letter, and I was at my wits' end. I saw it plain that to try to induce Taro to go back to his parents was of no use—for a time, anyway. Yet I had my ambition, my aspiration, to accomplish; my spirit of patriotism was stronger than my sentiment of love, and I could ill afford then to be hampered with the care of a country lad. It was a hard dilemma to solve. One thing was clear, and it was that if Taro is to accompany me at all, he must be of one mind with me or he would be an obstacle to every step I might take. For my course lay in what appeared diabolical to the eyes of the multitude of the day.

"I tried the truth of his heart in a hundred ways, but to my satisfaction his was like a diamond which glowed forth of its native brilliancy, as I unfolded to him gradually the secrets of my inner thoughts. Finally I told him of the greatness of the Western civilization, and that Japan must no longer sit on the pedestal of her conceit and seclusion, like a pretty doll on its gilded stool, only to be snatched away and be made amusements of by the first rude hand that may dare do it, but that she must henceforth walk forth and seek her own way through the world. Those were profound moments when I took the veil off my heart and let him look into its very depths; and Taro responded to me with all the vigor of his youthhood.

"We stayed about a fortnight in the hotel, toward the end of which we sold out all our belongings and bought instead fisherman's craft and apparel. Our intention was to be on the water, and seek a chance to get on board an American steamer, which, it was rumored, was to come up the bay about that time. I knew we would be given a passage by the Americans, as far as they were concerned; but it was a dangerous venture, after all, for if

only our authorities knew of or caught us in the attempt, we were sure to lose our heads. But, to be brief, we were successful. And on the 12th day of June, 1860, we were safely landed at the port of New York.

"In America we little heeded the silly rudeness of thousands of the curious, nor could we lend ourselves much to the overworked kindness of the you-poor-heathen-sinners style of good Christians. We considered ourselves men with a mission. We were ashamed to pledge a promise to become missionaries, for a free course of study, but we were not ashamed to become humble menials that we might work for our independent support.

"We worked hard and suffered much. When we had mastered English fairly well, we set out on a lecture tour. It was a novelty—novelty always succeeds in America—and we saved enough to enable us to enter a college. Five years sped by as in a dream. All that time Taro and I were like one; we always lived together. When I was ill he nursed me by day and by night—sweet and gentle, an angel of love to me! When he was sick, I in my turn did for him what brotherly care and tenderness could do, for he grew to be as dear to me as my own life, and more.

"The close of the fifth year of our stay in America brought us the glad news of the mighty change which gradually overtook Japan in favor of introducing Western ideas. About the same time our presence in America became known to our home government and they sent for us; they were sorely in need of anyone who knew anything of any foreign lands. When the news reached us, Taro and I said, 'Our time is come at last!' But such of our friends as were good Christians said: 'Sad! sad! The heathen government are afraid that their people should learn too much of Christianity, and are therefore calling them all back, under false pretences. Sad! sad!' Fortunately we had not become Christians enough to swallow all this, and we were soon on board a Pacific steamer, home-bound, with joyous hearts.

"The winter's sea was high now and then, but all went well, and we were now within a day's distance of Yokohama. The night was approaching; darkness fell over the trackless ocean. The ship rushed onward, breaking through the foaming waves; sea-urchins glittered and glowed below, while, above, the clear, cold sky shone forth with its stars like revelation! Between heaven and earth, the speckled flatness and blazing immensity, dashing forward through darkness, I stood agitated on the deck, changing thoughts of past, present, and future, of pride, glory, meekness, and trembling hope, flitting like visions in me! I was silent for many a minute. Taro stood by me; he too looked deeply occupied. But his eyes were intently on me—with strange sadness in them.

"Why, what is the matter?' I said to him. He simply replied, 'Oh, nothing!' with a forced smile; but I saw his lips quivered as he said this. My heart became strangely alarmed, as with some unknown apprehension. I hurried him down into the cabin. He sat on the couch, and I too did so, close by him. He again looked up into my face absently. It was a surprise that overtook me this time. Taro was no longer the Taro of yesterday, of adventures, of determined looks, of fearless manliness, of youthful vigor. His looks were now those of feminine fondness, tinged with unexpressed fear and timidity. He looked excited, but under maidenly coyness. This was so strange, so unfathomable, that I could not help wondering long in silence. But Taro broke it suddenly, though with some difficulty: 'Do you think deceiving is right in some cases?' I bluntly answered 'No,' which brought on his face a look of torturing emotion.

"Then after a moment or two he again said, 'But will you forgive it if it was done for love, and that with no base motive?'

"I dare say yes, I answered, 'but why do you ask me such a question?' Taro gave me no reply; instead, to my puzzle, he laughed out merrily and said:

"Do you still love my sister?'

"Well—a-yes; but she must be married by this time! I heaved a deep sigh.

"Oh! no,' returned Taro pleasantly, and continued, 'But do you love me still?'

"You silly boy, what does all this mean? I demanded. Taro only smiled and looked at me fondly.

"I was never more mystified in my life than in course of this conversation. All was clear to me, however, when the next day Taro, now grown to be a tall, robust fellow, in his full, hearty voice greeted us, just outside the custom-house of Yokohama—not the Taro of my romantic companion of the five eventful years, but Taro the brother of my beloved Miyo. For my Taro was my Miyo in disguise, whom I had loved as her brother. The dream was fulfilled, and my story ends here.

"My good audience, it is needless to add that my Miyo and I were soon afterward married; and such is the story of a Japanese love. Who dares say love, pure and simple, noble and romantic, is impossible in Japan?"

The Riel Rebellion.

Editor Saturday Night

SIR—I had pleasure in reading in SATURDAY NIGHT a series of articles on Episodes of the Riel Rebellion, by George B. Brooks. I wish to correct Mr. Brooks on one point regarding Major-General L. B. Strange. The Major-General, though he served with distinction in India, did not hold that rank, but earned and retained it after quite a number of years' service in Canada as commandant of B Battery, stationed at the Citadel, Quebec city, and as Dominion Inspector of Artillery. I heartily concur in the estimate Mr. Brooks has made of the General's character as a gentleman and a soldier. I served several years under General Strange in Quebec and have knowledge of what I write. He is an officer in whom all ranks have confidence. He is not the sort of commanding officer who says to his adjutant or sergeant-major: "Look after the men." He himself does the looking after and takes a personal interest in everyone and everything appertaining to his command. He has been at loggerheads with the officials of the Militia Department on account of pressing for what he considered necessary to an efficient service; but he never considered his own ease. I can

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understand Mr. Brooks describing the General as rather rough-looking and not much at throwing on style, but the fact of his (the General) being a very large and hirsute man would have a great deal to do with that, and the circumstances under which Mr. Brooks met him did not call for or even permit much display of gold lace, etc. When the General is properly uniformed and in front of or inspecting a parade, there are few finer-looking officers anywhere. General Strange is a man of few words, as this instance will show: On one occasion B Battery and the Royal Military College Cadets marched out together forming a "reconnaissance in force." We had gone but a short distance when rain came on. The force halted for a time to allow the officer in charge of the cadets to consider whether to keep on or go back. He decided to return to quarters. Then said General Strange: "Canadian artillery! Attention! As we are neither sugar nor salt we won't dissolve. Quick march!"

While I am writing of one good officer, under whom I served, I cannot leave the subject without paying a tribute to the memory of another, for memory is all we have left of one of the smartest field artillery officers in any service. Anyone, civilian or soldier (especially the latter), that ever knew Major Short of B Battery will understand how impossible it is for me to give anything like a true impression

of the bright, dashing, plucky, efficient and kindly artillery officer. Poor fellow! He was killed by an explosion of powder in one of the magazines in Quebec soon after returning from the North-West campaign.

So much for my old officers, whom I may be pardoned for calling two of the best of the Canadian militia ever had on the pay list. Major Short was a Canadian by birth, and General Strange, though not of Canadian nativity, is always proud to let anyone know that he is to the backbone and clear through, a British Canadian. If the Canadian militia should ever be ordered on active service, I would ask for nothing better than to serve in a brigade commanded by my old leader, Major-General Thomas Bland Strange. Yours etc., J. P. BLACKHALL.

May 13, 1893.

Not Enough.

"Professor, I understand you have flunked my son in history in spite of his assurance to me that he answered accurately every question on the paper."

"Yes, Mr. Bunker, it is true. There was but one question on the paper and your son answered it rightly."

"And yet you flunked him?"

"Yes. The question was: 'Tell all you know about the War of 1812.' and your son's answer was: 'It was fought in 1812. That is all I know about it.' Undoubtedly correct, sir, but hardly comprehensive."

A Pipe Line.



Farmer Henshaw—Moving away, Jefferson? Jefferson—Yep; an' if yo' miss any mo' chickens yo' can't 'cuse dis yere pussion ob takin' um.



Jefferson (in his new home)—Who'd have thunk dat yere stove-pipe would a' held foute'n chickens!

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Ottawa.

The Baroness Macdonald has gone to the World's Fair. She leaves here with the Hon. Mary Macdonald for England about June 1, and will be absent two years.

Mr. W. R. Meredith was in town the latter part of last week and left for Toronto Monday evening.

Mr. Louis Coste, Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department, has gone to the Pacific coast.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong preached to a crowded congregation in St. Paul's church on Sunday evening upon Partisanship in Politics. He denounced party politics as politically a curse and morally a sin.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Strathy will be pleased to learn that he is again to be seen at his old post in the teller's box of the Union Bank after his three weeks' absence, owing to an accident while out riding. Mr. Strathy has, as usual, a welcome smile for each customer.

Hon. Mr. Daly has gone to Quebec and Halifax on business. Before returning he will attend the banquet to be given to the Finance Minister on Thursday, May 25, in St. John, N.B. Mr. George Holland, official Senate reporter, has returned from Chicago.

The Countess of Derby returned from England last week.

Mrs. E. G. Palford is visiting in Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Ridout, C.E., spent Saturday and Sunday in Toronto.

Mr. D. G. McLean has been elected Grand Chieftain of the Sons of Scotland, defeating Mr. Alex. Fraser of the Toronto Mail by ten votes, at the grand camp held in Guelph. Good boy, Mac!

The Rev. Mr. T. W. Winfield of Emmanuel church (Reformed Episcopal) is likely to succeed the Rev. Mr. Farries as pastor of Knox church. Mr. Winfield was accepted into the Presbyterian body at the synod meeting last week. Knox congregation is to be congratulated, as it would be hard to find a better man.

Mrs. F. Coteau, who has been spending the winter in Mexico, has returned to the city feeling much better for her trip.

Every member of the Governor General's Foot Guards is to be given a new uniform previous to the departure of the regiment for the Queen City on May 24.

Charlie Belford having passed the necessary examination has been taken on the strength of No. 1 company, G.G.F.G. Charlie looks well in his red coat and will help the other boys to captivate the hearts of the fair sex in Toronto on May 24.

S. M. Stretton, G.G.F.G., replied to the toast of sister corps in a very able manner at the dinner given by the sergeants of the Royal Grenadiers, in commemoration of the anniversary of Batoche.

Ottawa is to be the scene of more than one big gathering this year. In addition to the Liberal convention to be held next month, the annual meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada takes place here in July.

It is understood that the Earl of Derby will leave here about the end of July. Commander Ross of the forces at Halifax will likely act as Governor-General until the Earl of Aberdeen arrives to take office in the latter part of August or beginning of September.

The boys of the Ottawa Bicycle Club think the civic finance committee a mean body. The application for a grant of one hundred dollars to help entertain their visitors on the Twenty-fourth has been refused. The members of the club will now have to go down into their own dip to meet expenses.

The lady friends of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum are to be congratulated on the result of their efforts in aid of that institution. The treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Mara, handed to Rev. Sister Hawley the handsome sum of \$672.32, which was indeed an excellent showing. A well deserved vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the caste, the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, to Mrs. McGarr the pianist, Mr. J. C. Bonner the conductor, the members of the orchestra, whose services were much appreciated, and to the stage manager, Mr. Streachy.

The friends of Mrs. James A. Gouin of Gilmour street will be pleased to know that she is on the mend, and there is every hope of seeing her around again soon.

Mr. F. W. Powell and Miss Murray are visiting in Montreal.

The Rev. Mr. G. M. W. Carey has received a unanimous call to the Brussels street Baptist

church, St. John, N.B. As there is a split in the congregation here Mr. Carey will no doubt accept. His friends wish for the best.

Mr. James Gordon and family are staying with his son-in-law, Mr. F. W. White, Gilmour street.

We have just closed a charitable week. Two amateur affairs in aid of charity have proved most successful. The event of the week was without doubt the spectaculars presented at the Grand Opera House on Friday and Saturday last by the pupils of Mr. A. Roy Macdonald for the benefit of the Old Men's Home. The Dream of the Quakers and The Rajah's Return were the pieces presented. The dances were very pretty and most cleverly executed. A pretty Viennese was danced by Misses Isbester and Mackintosh, the Pizzicata by the Misses Simpson of Montreal, a pretty skirt dance by Little Misses Jessie Gilmour and Hilda Murphy of Ottawa, aged six and seven, and Autumn Leaves, by Little Maude Lee of Montreal. This graceful little lady of ten years is studying for the professional stage. The part of the Quakers was taken by Miss E. Frances Lear of Boston and Mr. J. Brodie of Montreal. Mr. A. Roy Macdonald made a splendid imp, making the character very realistic. The space between the presentation of the first spectacular and The Rajah's Return was taken up by an essence dance by several Montreal boys; a Highland fling by eight Ottawa boys, Messrs. C. Russell, M. Taylor, S. White, J. M. McDougall, J. A. Burgess, J. C. Clots, C. A. Clendenning and A. L. Masson; the Shean Trewe, the Scotch war dance by Miss M. Isbester; the Bolero dance by Mr. Roy Macdonald and Miss Marion Mackintosh; the Fan Fan, a funny dance by seven-year-olds, Irene and Claude Bate; the Santiago, a wild and grotesque Spanish dance by the Misses Church; a hornpipe by Messrs. Clendenning and McDougall and the Tarrantella dance by Miss Maude Lee. In The Rajah's Return the parts of Zilica and Felicia, ladies of the court, were taken by Miss Mabel Beatty and Miss Marion Mackintosh of Ottawa. Six little bits of things, Babes Bate, Katie Moore, Hilda Murphy, Jessie Gilmour, Flora Burgess and Lyon danced a very pretty dance remarkably well. Little Misses Gilmour and Murphy danced the Cachucha. The Tar-boom-de-ay was capably danced by eight little girls led by Baby Mackintosh. Mr. F. Summer gave a Nubian dance, Miss Marks the English skirt dance. The serpentine ballet was presented by Misses Isbester, Mackintosh, Henry, Clemow, Hill, Cox, Burgess, Day, McNichol, Gormally, Anderson, Lyon and Wicksteed. Miss B. Simpson of Montreal danced the pas de seule, a very wild dance which brought down the house. The festivities were brought to a close by a comical dance by seven little boys representing Juvenile Arabs; these were Masters Moore, Burgess, Devlin, Slater of Ottawa, and Reinhardt and Patterson of Montreal. The whole affair concluded with a grand tableau of all the performers. Messrs. Roy Macdonald and F. H. Norman deserve great credit for the grand success of the entertainment. The Misses Mackintosh are beautiful and graceful dancers, and are cut for the stage and should be encouraged.

Something pretty in the way of a welcome to Lord and Lady Aberdeen is being prepared in flower beds in Parliament Hill, by Superintendent Nathaniel Robertson. Two beds of foliage plants are made to serve the purpose. One will bear in foliage the coat of arms of the Aberdeens and the motto "Let fortune follow," and the other the Tweedmouth coat of arms in honor of Lady Aberdeen, bearing the motto "Advance with Courage."

Mr. A. J. Horan, late of the Marine Department, has left the city for good, having gone to Buffalo to live.

Mr. John C. Edwards, Miss Ida Edwards and Mr. Boyd Edwards returned by the S.S. Parisian on Monday after six months' absence sight-seeing in England, Scotland, France, Germany and Italy. They were present in Rome at the Pope's jubilee, and in Venice for the carnival. The Ottawa Bicycle Club may suffer another disappointment; James Wilson may be unable to ride here on the 24th. It never rains but it pours.

Mr. Schreiber, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, is in Sault Ste. Marie on business connected with the new canal.

Senator Ogilvie of Montreal was in town on Monday.

Mr. A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the

Interior, is in Quebec on business in connection with the quarantine precautions at Grosse Isle.

Sheriff Sweetland was in Montreal on Monday evening and attended the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association meeting for the purpose of presenting the Governor-General's Cup to the Montreal Hockey Club. Mr. Sweetland in making the presentation spoke of the great interest that His Excellency took in the game and it gave him great pleasure in giving the trophy.

Mr. C. F. Keefer, C.E., is holding an enquiry into the condition of the Montreal Water station.

Rev. Mr. T. W. Winfield of the Reformed Episcopal church preached a beautiful sermon on the Ninth Commandment on Sunday evening. Why do the other city clergymen not try to teach us something else beside self, as they seem to delight in, which always makes me think they are trying to impress their own goodness upon their congregations—"Look at me, and see my zeal for the Lord."

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Brainerd & Armstrong's (Asiatic Wash Silks) WILL WASH ROMAN FLOSS



They are made in the following lines:

Roman Floss	Filo Floss
Twist Embroid'y	Rope Silk
Mediæval	Couching
Outline	Giant Embroidery
Filling	Soie Naturelle
Flannel	Knitting

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Such fast color Wash Silks were never before known, our process of dyeing being a new discovery.

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A Fashionable Hat Box.

We give an illustration this week of the most fashionable Hat Box on the market. These boxes are made in various qualities of leather, varying from Basil to Russia Leather, and are constructed to hold one, two or three hats as required. They are lined with velvet in various colors, and one is now considered an indispensable piece of baggage by all gentlemen using silk hats. A large variety are on sale at the elegant store of H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King street West.

Interior, is in Quebec on business in connection with the quarantine precautions at Grosse Isle.

Sheriff Sweetland was in Montreal on Monday evening and attended the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association meeting for the purpose of presenting the Governor-General's Cup to the Montreal Hockey Club. Mr. Sweetland in making the presentation spoke of the great interest that His Excellency took in the game and it gave him great pleasure in giving the trophy.

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"This little Khedive of Egypt is a dandy. He seems to have said." "Well, why shouldn't he have with the Sahara at his back door?"



NESTLÉ'S FOOD—Every mother knows the name,—has many peculiar features which distinguish it among other foods for infants.

Here are four: Its base is the milk of Swiss cows,—the richest milk in the world. It is invaluable as a preventive of Cholera Infantum. It can be retained and digested by the most delicate stomach. And, last but not least, the addition of water only is required to prepare it for use. The danger always attendant upon the use of cow's milk, especially in large cities, is thus avoided.

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Vases, &c.

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Births.

SCULLY—May 10, Mrs. Scully—a son.
RUMSEY—May 10, Mrs. Rumsey of Welland—a daughter.
MILLS—May 10, Mrs. Wm. L. Mills—a son.
FOWLER—May 10, Mrs. Ernest K. Fowler—a daughter.
PARSONS—May 14, Mrs. W. G. Parsons—a daughter.
CAMPBELL—May 10, Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell—a daughter.
BULL—May 12, Mrs. Fred Bull—a daughter.
CLARKE—May 14, Mrs. S. B. Clarke—a daughter.
DAVIDSON—May 14, Mrs. John I. Davidson—a son.
KERRY—May 10, Mrs. (Rev.) G. W. Kerry of Hamilton—a son.
BICKNELL—May 13, Mrs. James Bicknell of Hamilton—a son.

Marriages.

BATH—FRANCIS—On May 18, at St. Simon's church, Toronto, by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, M.A., rector of All Saint's, assisted by Rev. Canon Oler, grandnephew of the bride, Charles Lambert Bath of Bryn-Y-Mor, Swansea, Wales, to Marian, daughter of Mr. George Grant Francis of Toronto.
PHIPPS—CORNELIUS—May 11, at Parkhill, Louis N. Phipps to Ida L. Corneli.
PERRY—MCCLEARY—May 11, Geo. A. Perry of Drayton, to Adeline McCleary of Toronto.
JONES—PUEY—May 2, at New York, Francis C. Jones, M.D., to Sarah H. Puey of New York.
DREW—GIBBS—May 10, John J. Drew of Guelph, to Annie Isabella Gibbs.
BOELSLAGER—EGGERMUEHLEN—LAWLOR—At Hanover, Germany, April 11, Baron Fritz von Boelslager-Eggermuehlen, late 10th Hannoverian Hussars, to Marie Louise Augustine, youngest daughter of the late Michael Lawlor, M.D., of Toronto.

Deaths.

FORBES—May 12, Maria Forbes, aged 79.
LANGFORD—May 10, Annie Langford, aged 88.
MARRIOTT—May 13, Elizabeth Bennett Marriott, aged 71.
BERGIN—May 11, Wm. Bergin, aged 42.
HOCKING—May 12, Margaret Hocking, aged 60.
REYNOLDS—May 10, at Regina, N.W.T., Henry Lamont Reynolds.
SIMPSON—May 10, at Berlin, Tindill Simpson, aged 59.
WILLIAMSON—May 11, Wm. Williamson, aged 78.
MCCLELLAN—May 10, at Weston, John McClellan, aged 90.
RAHELLEY—May 9, Katie Rahelley.
ACER—At Montreal, Chas. M. Acer, aged 45.
STEEN—May 3, at Golden, B.C., John Cyril Steen, aged 42.
ROBERTSON—At Collingwood, Bethia Rose Robertson.
CAMERON—May 15, Alexander Cameron, aged 61.
BLONG—May 15, Edward Blong, aged 53.
HIDER—May 14, Henry Hider, aged 50.
BECK—May 15, at Brampton, John H. Beck.
CHARLTON—May 12, Thomas Charlton, aged 38.
DICKSON—May 13, Geo. P. Dickson, aged 81.
HUNTER—May 14, at Barrie, James Moffie Hunter, aged 42.

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HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO

Its pure ringing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

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